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URANUS AND ITS SATELLITES,

WITH THE HISTORY OF THEIR DISCOVERY.

THE history of Uranus, the most distant known planet of our solar system, in the various characters of *Fixed Star*, *Comet*, and *Planet*, which at different periods of time have been assigned to it, is no less remarkable than are some of the phenomena which, despite of its excessive elongation, observation has been able to detect in regard to it. Previous to that train of discoveries which eventuated in adding this to the number of known bodies of our system, through a period so long that 'the traditions of man run not to the contrary,' Saturn was supposed to mark the utmost bound of that system. This was taken as an admitted fact, from the time that planetary distances first were measured; and when the telescope had revealed the singular appendage of rings to that planet, these were supposed to yield some support to the opinion that this body had its orbit upon the confines of that region of space through which our sun could bear sway, by the power of its attraction. The wildest vagaries of nature, it was believed had been exhibited here, in arrangements altogether unknown elsewhere, for the purpose of more pointedly attracting the attention of mortals who should witness the fact, and thereby fixing the bounds beyond which they need not seek. Such, if not in words, are by apparently just inference, the views that have been more or less entertained, along with the other almost countless opinions to which credence has, in past times, been given. The indefinite distance, then, from the orbit of Saturn to the fixed stars, was regarded as a realm that, however extensive, could yield no harvest in reward for the labor which science might bestow within it, and therefore it was held unprofitable, in all respects.

The fixed stars which, so far as we know, were never supposed by any of the human family, to belong to our solar system, were objects of the most anxious attention, in the earliest period of the history of our race. They constituted the calendar of primitive man; and served not only to indicate to him the several seasons, and other necessary divisions of the year, but they were also his time-keeper by night, as the sun was by day, and pointed out to him the lapse of hours, by their apparent motions in the heavens. This early discovery of the utility of the stars, in the common purposes of life, led to the division of them into groups or constellations, each of which received a name: and in addition to this, individual stars, that by their

brilliancy or particular location were rendered peculiarly serviceable, received particular names, for their more perfect identity, or from mere caprice. This was done at a period so remote as to be now lost; yet we continue both the divisions and the names, at the present day. In the book of Job, and again in Amos, we find these divisions recognised; and many of the early poets make mention of them. Numbers of the fixed stars are now known to revolve in proper orbits around each other; but still they are termed fixed, because to the unassisted eye, they suffer no change of position with regard one to another.

It was to this class of heavenly bodies that Uranus, until the year 1781, was supposed to belong. Being visible to the naked eye, it was probably seen by millions of the human family, in the earlier ages of the world; but it was seen only as one of the countless gems that immovably deck the celestial vault.

When astronomy had so far advanced as to render accurate catalogues of the fixed stars desirable, the compilation of such was undertaken; and Uranus must of necessity have had a place in each of these which embraced stars of so low a magnitude, unless overlooked by inadvertence: in several it certainly appeared.

Observations made by Flamsteed, an English astronomer, record the position of this body in the heavens, in the year 1690; and at several other periods. Mayer, a native of Maspach, in Wurtemberg, 'one of the greatest astronomers, not only of the 18th century, but of any age or any country,' (says Delambre,) in his new catalogue of zodiacal stars, for 1756, has inserted it as star No. 964. Bradley, an Englishman, also observed and noted this body as a fixed star, in 1753. Lemonnier, a French astronomer, first observed and noted Uranus, as a fixed star, in 1765; and his manuscripts, now at the Royal Observatory of Paris, show no less than *twelve* observations, upon the same planet. In all these instances no opinion was entertained, by any one of the observers, that this particular body differed in any respect, from those by which it was surrounded; and the fact of its identity with these was first suspected by finding no star in either of the several places where stars had been designated, in the maps; and such suspicions were subsequently verified by calculations that show it to have occupied the respective positions thus assigned, at the stipulated periods of time.

As no planet was suspected to exist beyond Saturn, so none was sought for there; nor had the discovery of motion, in Uranus, the most distant connexion with any preconceived intention of such discovery: it was the result of accident alone. Herschel, (father of the present English astronomer now observing at the Cape of Good Hope,) a native of Hanover, had established himself in England, where he had been some years engaged in the construction of telescopes, through mere curiosity and a taste for astronomy. These instruments he applied to use, as he completed them, and thus became a highly creditable and able practical observer. On the night of the 13th of March, 1781, while engaged in a series of observations upon the parallax of the fixed stars, and regarding with attention several small ones, near the feet of Gemini, he was struck with the fact that one appeared larger than the rest, when seen in his telescope. As

the fixed stars are not materially magnified by these instruments, the fact of this enlarged appearance, when once detected, fixed the observer's attention. The telescope with which this discovery was made was one of seven feet in length only, and the eye-piece in use at the moment was one which magnified two hundred and twenty-seven times. Having, by subsequent observations, determined that the star in question had changed place, in relation to those by which it was surrounded, Herschel no longer concealed his discovery. Still he had no suspicion he had discovered a *planet*: he wrote to the Royal Society, of which he was a member, stating the facts, and adding that his first impression was he had detected a small comet, without either tail or envelope; and in a subsequent part of his announcement he adds: 'the sequel has shown that my surmises were well founded, this proving to be the comet we have lately observed.' This announcement was published in the succeeding volume of the Society's transactions; but in the mean time Maskelyne, the English astronomer, announced the discovery to M. Messier, and the astronomers of Paris were at once engaged in observing the supposed comet, and in calculating its orbit. Nor were they long in detecting the error that had been committed, in regard to the body in question. On the 8th of May, 1781, less than two months from the first discovery of Uranus as a moving body, *Jean-Baptiste Gaspar Bochart de Saron* ascertained that it was much more elongated from the sun than any of the other planets; and his extraordinary facility, in calculating cometary orbits, had thus early enabled him to know that the motions of this body answered not to a parabolic curve. He gave the first idea of a circular orbit, and this suggestion was carried out, and the orbit determined, by his co-laborer, Méchain, according to the method of La Place. Thus, through the combined agency of a most happy piece of unexpected good fortune, on the part of Herschel, in England, and the industry and mathematical skill of the Paris astronomers, a new planet stood revealed to the knowledge of mankind, belonging to our own solar family, and yet revolving in an orbit so immensely distant as to envelope all the others, and to give to the known limits of the solar system an augmentation of dimensions almost beyond conception.

It has often been averred — and it is necessary here to repeat the truth, because the errors in question are still found in the newest books — that Dr. Herschel discovered motion in Uranus through the agency of his noted forty feet telescope; and also that he recognised that body as a planet. For the promulgation of the former of these errors, we may refer, among others equally respectable, to a no less authority than Arnott's *Elements of Physics*; and for the latter, among others, to the *North American Review*, not to enumerate a multitude of minor publications, many of them school books, and hence in the hands of most of our youth, which have given them currency until they have well nigh passed into proverbs. Advertence to this subject was called for here, as the only means of justifying some of the above statements; and the expose is equally demanded in justice to the memory of Dr. Herschel himself, who certainly, in his publications upon these subjects, has given no authority for these creations of some unknown pen.

That research might be stimulated, the French Academy of Sciences proposed the theory of the new planet for the subject of the prize of 1790; and although but eight years had transpired, since investigations began, Delambre, produced tables of Uranus which took the prize; and which are found so accurate as to be still retained.

By these it was disclosed that Uranus revolves in an orbit whose distance from the sun is more than nineteen times as great as that of the earth; and more than twice as great as that of Saturn — the most distant planet known, before this discovery. In this orbit Uranus accomplishes its sidereal revolution in a little more than eighty-four years and twenty-nine days — moving like the other planets from west to east. Less than three quarters of a single solar year of that planet, then, has transpired since its first discovery as a member of our solar family! Its apparent diameter is about 4"; yet its real diameter is about thirty-five thousand miles, and its bulk about eighty times that of our earth. Though of such magnitude, yet at the enormous distance at which it is placed, and considering the slowness of its apparent motion, we can scarcely be surprised that its real character escaped detection so long. The inclination of its orbit to the plane of the ecliptic is less than that of any other planet, being not quite 47'. Dr. Herschel says, 'the flattening of the poles of this planet seems to be sufficiently ascertained, by many observations. The seven feet, the ten feet, and the twenty feet instrument equally confirm it;' and hence this planet, it has been inferred, has a motion upon its axis; which, reasoning from analogy, is certainly probable in the highest degree, although the fact has not yet been verified by observation. When its planetary character was detected, fifty-seven years since, this body was in the constellation Gemini: it is now near λ of Aquarius, about 8° almost due north from the star Scheat, of the same constellation.

The number of satellites belonging to Uranus is not settled; but those which are well known offer some peculiarities forming exceptions to rules that have been observed by nature in all other parts of the celestial mechanism with which we have become acquainted.

It was not until 1787 that Uranus was known to be attended by moons. On the 11th of January, of that year, Herschel believed he discovered two; and subsequent observations left no doubt of this fact. This discovery was made with his twenty feet reflector, after it had been transformed from the Newtonian form to a front view instrument. Of his great telescope, of forty feet, he says he had his first view in it on the 19th of February, 1787, but that it was not finally completed until the 28th of August, 1789. He afterwards supposed he had discovered four other satellites, and two rings, belonging to this planet; but he subsequently disproved the existence of these last, retaining only the four additional satellites. These have never been seen by any other astronomer, nor has any proof, additional to the opinion of Herschel, been obtained, that there are such bodies. The suspected rings were evidently optical illusions; and it is highly probable that they arose from the defect of figure of the speculum of the forty feet telescope. Indeed this instrument, which has been so often and so constantly the theme of eulogy and admiration, seems never to have been of very extensive

practical use. The figure of the speculum is well known to have been so defective, that the images of the celestial bodies which it produced were distorted, and although very high magnifying powers were tried upon it, yet the Rev. W. Pearson, a member of the Royal Society, does not hesitate to state, in his "Practical Astronomy," (4to. London, 1829,) that owing to this defect the magnifying powers used upon it seldom exceeded 200. The belief in its limited usefulness is still farther, and very strongly confirmed, by the fact that this telescope was taken down, some years since, and laid aside, for no other avowed reason except that the *frame work* had become decayed!

All, then, which is known with certainty respecting the attendants of Uranus, is that it has two satellites; but these present phenomena wholly unknown in any other portion of the celestial mechanism. 'Contrary to the unbroken analogy of the whole planetary system—whether of primaries or secondaries—the planes of their orbits are *nearly perpendicular to the ecliptic*, being inclined no less than $78^{\circ} 58'$ to that plane, and in these orbits their motions are *retrograde*; that is to say, their positions, when projected on the ecliptic, instead of advancing *from west to east*, round the centre of their primary, as is the case with every other planet and satellite, move in the opposite direction.'

For these peculiarities no satisfactory cause has been assigned; and they leave us no less strikingly impressed with the peculiarity of the appendages of the most distant planet now, than we were with those of Saturn, when that was supposed to move upon the utmost border of the solar system. But of the limits of that system, whatever may once have been thought, we can now form no settled opinion. The space beyond the orbit of Uranus, within which the attraction of our sun surpasses that of the sun of any other system, is shown, by the orbits of some comets, to be almost beyond our conception; nor have we any evidence that these bodies, in their 'protracted journeys of a thousand years,' do or do not reach the confines of that space. Certain it is, that space enough is there to allow of a farther augmentation of the number of our primary planets; but whether we shall ever recognise them, if such there are, cannot now be known.

The remarkable, yet wholly empirical law of Bode, touching the distances of the planetary orbits from the sun—a law which is also found applicable to the distances of satellites from their primaries—if continued beyond Uranus, would give the next planet a distance three hundred and eighty-eight times greater from the sun than the earth, and a sidereal revolution of about two hundred and forty-three years. As no fixed proportion between the size and the distances from the sun, is found to prevail among the planets, a body, so far as we know, may hereafter become known to us, even at that prodigious elongation, by reason of great size, aided by improved telescopes, and perhaps, also, by some happy fortuity, such as that which first fixed attention upon Uranus, and one or more of the telescopic planets.

Indeed we cannot aver, with any certainty, that the first observations are not already made and recorded, that are to eventuate in perfecting the discovery of one or more such bodies. Mr. Wartman,

of Geneva, observed, in September, 1831, a small star which had an appreciable motion, both in right ascension and in declination; and in May, 1835, Mr. Cacciatore, of Palermo, observed another (for their positions showed them not the same) distinguished for like motions. In the case of the latter body, calculations, based upon the imperfect observations obtained, render it probable that its orbit, if this be a planet, is at near the same distance from the sun as that of Vesta; but of the star observed by Mr. Wartman, no such approximate determination was obtained. Neither of these bodies, we believe, has ever been seen since the year in which it was discovered; and what they are, or where arranged, in the celestial economy, if ever made known to us, is still to be disclosed by the future.

R. W. H.

Buffalo, June, 1838.

THOUGHTS ON EARLY SPRING.

By the deep forest's yet unawaken'd green,
 To tread on wither'd leaves, and herbage new,
 And trace the first young buddings' tender sheen;
 The downy liverwort's sweet eye of blue,
 And pale anemoné, on amber stem,
 Faint — blushing delicate — the woods first gem.

Where the fresh fountain bubbles into light,
 Amidst the ferns that fringe her mossy brink,
 Inlaid with scarlet berry, gleaming bright,
 Invites the wanderer to stoop and drink:
 O! give me one sweet day amidst the woods,
 The vernal, stirring breeze, and rous'd-up floods!

The fitful spirit of the wilderness
 Raiseth the heart, and the adoring eye,
 To HIM who doth with early beauty, bless
 The slender service-tree that waves so high,
 Her snow-white wreathes amidst the unclad wild;
 And owns the sparrow for His mercy's child.

I love all blossoms of the early spring;
 All living things the winter-storm hath left:
 The red-cup moss, the myrtle — fragrant thing!
 Each tinge of life within the rock's dark cleft:
 And when the blue-bird warbles sweet and clear,
 To rest in some charm'd spot, the hymn to hear.

Where the sweet water-fall is chiming low,
 Amidst the shrub-roots, and the old gray stone;
 Catching the sunbeams in her sparkling flow,
 And shadows of the forest branches, lone,
 Yet leafless, rustling tuneful over head,
 With thwarted twigs beneath the blue sky spread.

There flow to HIM my soul! my joyful soul,
 Upward with the elastic air, and scent
 Of early buds; and gentle sounds that roll
 Amidst the boughs; and song of waters, blent
 With hum of new-waked insect, on the wing,
 And all the breathing harmonies of spring.

HE who hath form'd us for devotion, He
 Hath worn our nature; and hath lov'd to pray
 Where the wild woods, his temple's canopy,
 Gave a religious color to the day;
 Here let us gather strength, e'er we depart
 Where the world calls. God keeps the pure in heart.

w.

THE AMBITIOUS MAN.

'Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps its self,
And falls on the other side.'

MACBETH.

WERE all the crowns, and columns, and arches, in time past awarded to successful ambition, to be multiplied one hundred fold, they would hardly equal the hopes which have been blasted, and hearts broken in the winning of them. Disease has withered, and accident and self-destruction have found their victims, and men have seen the destroying messenger. But all the while ambition has been decoying us, and stimulating our lower energies, and its only records are here and there a wrinkled and care-laden brow, or an inscription on a tombstone. It goes abroad flaunting and dazzling; its solitary strivings, its heart-burnings, and its down-trampling arts are unobserved within the inner sanctuary.

My friend, Charles Egerton, was a lawyer who misused his profession; he degraded it into a means of political preferment. At college he was one of the mildest fellows in the world — winning respect by mental superiority, and retaining it by a thousand natural kindnesses. I used to admire his love for his mother, who was a widow, and had met with such a series of domestic losses, that 'the balance of her thoughts' already 'inclined to another world.'

In conformity with her wishes, he was at first disposed to the ministry. By degrees, however, he proposed to himself a wider field — a place among the names that never die! He might fail, but he must strive to influence the world. During all these changes, his filial affection never cooled. 'If my parent were not a widow,' he used to say, 'and her love to me her last tie to earth, I would act for myself, and the time should arrive when she might be proud indeed of her son!'

Egerton had one more inducement to humble and patient exertion. Months and years of intercourse had attached him to one of the most lovely spirits I have ever known. Anna Carlton — a gentle creature, who had never seen the dazzling flatteries of what is termed fashionable life — was at first pleased with his boyish preference; as youth changed to womanhood, she found her regard rather increased. For a while, she believed her interest in his struggle, and her triumphs in his success, to be no more than friendly; and he said he was no gladder to meet her bright eyes and modest bow, than he should have been that of any other pretty damsel. Both were mistaken, and both at last perceived their mistake. If their attachment was not formally acknowledged, it was nevertheless warm, and apparently indestructible.

Anna was an humble being; unambitious to attract but by her lovely temper; always engaged, and always postponing herself to her friends. She had that thorough self-devotion, that cheerful forgiveness, which mark woman only. In warmer days I used to fancy, that her character was in no single point deficient; I suppose she had failings, but only because she was human. Her mother died when she was in her third year, and Anna had been a kind of soothing

spirit to a capricious father; at length her gentle influence failed, he commended her to the care of friends and gave himself to temptation. She lived at times with the Egertons, and then the widow's home was bright and gladsome.

Anna Carlton was nearly eighteen when Egerton resolved to relinquish theology for a more ambitious calling. I often wish every thing could be as it was in those days; ambition came, and in its train strugglings, art, coldness. But I have no desire to detail more of my old friend's life — nor have I need. He is dead, and by his wish, expressed in his closing hours, several ms. records have been put into my hands; parts of which I have thought it no breach of confidence to extract. I have forbore to make alterations in them, leaving the circumstances given above, to explain a rather abrupt narrative, and apologize for the tone of disappointment and repining occasionally perceptible. These desultory passages shall be called

SCRAPS FROM A GREEN BAG.

* * * 'A dark eye made me a politician. I blush to confess it. It carries me back to years and feelings from which I seldom draw the curtain. Professional eminence, which I used to covet, now that I am leaving the scene, crumbles to dust in the grasp. I recollect my first case; events, coincidences connected with it cannot be forgotten.

'My mother, who was a widow, wished me to prepare for the church. I suppose that wish was deeper in her heart than any other; but she was too mild a being to restrain by ambitious aspirations. I told her that a wider field would afford me eminence, and her, and a young friend whom she loved, pecuniary independence.

'When she consented to my relinquishing her favorite profession, a tear was on her cheek. 'My son, always recollect,' said she, taking my hand more affectionately than it has ever been grasped since, 'that seventy years are short enough for God's service; fame is exacting, and if you are its devotee, death may overtake you unprepared. Never forget the claims of another, in the struggles and honors of this world; be, for my sake, a good man.'

'I would relinquish every attainment to hear that mild counsel again. I thought at the time I would not forget the scene, were temptations never so many.

'Anna Carlton was standing by, and looking steadily in my face; I assured them that no professional allurements should trample upon conscientiousness, inasmuch as *I would never engage in a cause, unless truth were on my side.* The widow smiled, and my last evening at home flew away speedily and pleasantly. Anna read to us from one of the English poets, and I remember thinking how public honors fell into shadow, beside her lovely temper; and her exquisitely refined mind. 'Your profession,' said she, 'will strengthen and sharpen your powers, let it not circumscribe them. They should be farther reaching than this world.' The next morning I hurried to town, to commence my reading.

'Reverencing, as all involuntarily do, great intellectual effort, for a time I was enraptured with the minds who had elevated my profession. I revelled in the stores of knowledge to which I had access.

But I did not forget those whom I loved, and my visits at home were frequent and delightful. As the science opened before me, I began to rejoice that I was not bound to a single parish, and pictured to myself the honors and the influence for which I was a candidate. Those were boyish days; I never realized my anticipations.

‘Young men learn bitterly their lessons of humility; and to one ridiculously fancying, as I did, that his services could be really an acquisition to the legal profession, the weeks and months of idleness and unfulfilled expectation which followed the hanging out of my name, were unspeakably provoking. I went regularly to my office to do little nothings. Never was a fire so faithfully replenished, never were books so often put in order, and chairs and tables so scrupulously arranged; and never was a poor fellow more disappointed. I adhered, however, to my resolution of not compromising with high principle for the sake of emolument; and several petty cases, which I might have obtained, fell into the hands of an old college acquaintance, and to tell the truth, a rival withal. I had hoped our proximity was to have ended at the university, but I soon found him my neighbor now, as in old times. He was a man of more cunning address, more affability, as people are pleased to term it.

These are slight matters in themselves, but they bring back forcibly those days, and account for feelings and conduct of later life. In half a year, not above six charges stood on my book; these were written very legibly and elegantly, but I was ashamed to put so few into a collector’s hands, and so let them pass. Were I to live those years again, I should not take such neglect to heart; but then I was vexed, and for many weeks did not visit my mother, who wore, kind soul! the same refreshing smile, whether darkness or sunshine were abroad.

One Saturday morning I was sitting with several old friends in my office, cursing in my heart a profession which I lauded to them, when a stout, middle-aged gentleman, with a bundle of papers under his arm, desired to speak with me. I asked him to be seated, and as coolly as I could, remarked that there was a prospect of a storm.

‘We are strangers, Sir,’ said he, ‘but, although the affair will come to a public trial, for delicate reasons I shall prefer your services to those of my usual barrister.’

‘I know my eyes brightened, despite my attempts to take this as a matter of course. The bundle was soon opened, and the stranger, turning over paper after paper, stated to me the principles of the proceeding. ‘I am the lawful executor,’ he remarked, and then added, with a singular sternness in his glance, ‘and she, ungrateful for a thousand favors, would extort my own just inheritance.’

‘We conned over the documents a while longer in silence. There was a will, and a codicil, a report of an old trial, several grants of real estate, and eight or ten private letters. After I had gained a general knowledge of the grounds of the suit—which I foresaw would be of some moment—the middle-aged man bade me good morning. ‘I trust that all exertions will be made, Sir,’ said he, ‘and all the fidelity used on your part, which are to be expected from a man of honor. Of your ability, allow me to say, I do not doubt.’ I bowed to the compliment, and we parted.

'In more successful days, I have wondered at the joy with which I hailed this first professional engagement. I fancied the renown and pecuniary ease to which it might lead; I thought of providing for the widow and Anna; re-crossing my room for the hundredth time, and almost clapping my hands for joy.

'My client, it appeared, was executor of an estate, to which the children of his sister, a widow, laid certain claims, by right of their father. The suit concerned some valuable landed property, which it was contended, by reason of previous sales, as well as an obscurity in the testamentary dispositions, formed a part of their inheritance. The executor had placed innumerable instruments before me, but I confess I thought his grounds unsubstantial; the objections, to use a term of our trade, were *wire-drawn*. However, the more compliment to my ingenuity, thought I, bending hour after hour over torn letters, and formal documents, and sketching every favorable view of the case.

'Evening was just closing in, when I received a short letter from my mother. She was sorry another week had elapsed without my visiting the homestead, and hoped I should never find a heartier welcome elsewhere. Her health was worse than it had been, although Anna Carlton was a kind nurse, etc., etc.

'I never expected to greet coldly a letter from my mother; but there was something so mild in all this, it brought back the last evening at home, which all at once contrasted strangely with the business I had undertaken. 'Oh!' I exclaimed involuntarily, 'I have broken that foolish promise, that silly resolution, about keeping truth on my side!'

'Taking up the papers again, I tried to laugh the matter off; but the cob-web I had been weaving, I no longer dared tread upon. 'And yet,' thought I, 'I have been slaving and starving six months; shall I lose this opportunity, to humor an over-anxious mother, and a young creature who really is — a good deal of a prude!' I reflected on my neighbor's success, and how my friends, who had heard the offer, would wonder at my refusal, and then put the letter hastily away; resolved, however, to see home the next day.

'THE widow, leaning on the arm of Anna Carlton, was just coming out of afternoon service, as I passed by the village church. She was quite pale, but the mother's smile still sat upon her features. As I gave her my arm, I said I had been considerably employed, and even could now remain but a day with her; engagements required my return. 'Do not forget,' said Anna Carlton, 'what we owe to our first benefactors.'

'I could have borne that speech once, but now there was something of freedom in it, which rather displeased me. The sensitive creature half suspected it, and the color mounted to her cheek in an instant. It is sad enough, when the intercourse of familiar friends decays at the core, but continues fair upon the surface! Strip friendship of its frankness, and a skeleton will haunt you. I was sorry to have hurt Anna's feelings, and yet somehow she did not appear so

fine a girl as before I had left home ; she was a little too primitive, I fancied, for convenience.

‘ When the time came, I was reluctant to return ; an hundred petty kindnesses, which can only come from a son’s hands, had been left undone. The widow parted from me, I imagined, rather anxiously, and reproachfully. Anna said if it was best to go, not a word was to be said. She spoke with more reserve than in old times.

‘ I should remark, that about this time the struggles between the political parties of Conservatives and Reformists were very strong. Society was beginning to be marked with the distinction. Some of the younger men sided with their fathers ; others attached themselves to one faction or another, as fancy or interest dictated. My early days had glided away in retirement, and when I commenced a town life, my choice was to be made. I looked about me, and happening to gain the friendship of several distinguished Conservatives, was not long in declaring myself a warm advocate of their party doctrines. Several anonymous papers which I had compiled, attracted attention, and a few political acquaintances spoke of me as about to be a useful man. Art, too, was used, where I did not suspect it.

‘ One of the most influential of the Conservative party was the judge, before whom our all-important cause was to be argued ; a man whom many respected, but few loved or understood. Haughty and yet condescending ; wary and winning ; a sage in his profession ; a man of consummate art in private intercourse, and a skilful politician, I was anxious to increase his favorable opinion of me. Ambition, like the poor artizan striving to weave the dewy cob-webs, grasps every hope, be it never so unsubstantial.

‘ When the day of the trial came, varied and violent emotions pressed upon me. I had spent the previous night in reviewing the documents in my possession — preparing my argument, and arranging our testimony. And yet, something continually cast a shadow in my way. My thoughts strayed homeward ; I kept thinking of my late visit, and in the middle of an argument, the smile, or frown, or some expression of my mother, or Anna Carlton, would intrude itself upon me. When morning came, and my client called to hope all was right, I was sadly out of spirits.

‘ The court-room was nearly full ; some curiosity, others custom, and others interest, had brought thither. Judge Lynde complimented me elegantly and coldly ; spoke of *our* political prospects, and said his hopes were much raised touching my coming effort. I had known the magistrate so little, that such condescension surprised and embarrassed me. There was one individual among the witnesses for the prosecution, whom I looked upon with considerable interest. She sat in plain black apparel, with her countenance quite concealed ; I could not refrain conjuring up troublesome fancies concerning her. Opposite me was my old college rival, Robert Fleming, who congratulated me on so favorable an opportunity of distinction. I watched his eye — but it was very calm, and I bowed a return of his good wishes. Many others whom I knew, were present, and the occasion was more embarrassing even than I had anticipated.

‘ After the opening counsel had finished, witnesses were sum-

moned, and my duties commenced. I made an effort at severity in cross-examination, and really elicited some contradictions. By and by they called the woman in mourning. She took the stand with a humble dignity. Her form was rather bent, and as she drew aside her veil, it disclosed a mild blue eye, while her smile, occasionally awakened, was so calm, that a sunbeam seemed resting on her countenance. She was the mother on whose behalf the action was brought, and she gave her testimony with a modesty and a subdued firmness, which I cannot forget. There was so much of dependency in her situation; she was alone in the world, and not very long for it either; and when they turned to me to re-scrutinize what she had deposed, I was glad to shake my head, and let it pass. My client frowned I remarked at my so doing, and Fleming touched his arm and smiled. I felt at that moment that nothing could recompense me for failure.

‘Witnesses were examined; the various counsel finished their arguments; and my turn came to conclude the defence. I had arranged a long line of corroborating circumstances; every point had been patiently considered; and yet foreign thoughts, and a sensation of inadequacy, continually annoyed me. I recollected the saying, ‘My son, be for my sake a good man,’ and what I had to say, appeared cold and artificial. Still, the magistrate’s attention, and the half-respectful and half-sneering gaze of Robert Fleming, urged me along.

‘Like most young advocates, I was unusually explicit; touching on the various points minuted on my ample brief, drawing the intended inferences, and commenting on the opposing testimony. But my words wanted the life which, though all-important, no touch of my wand could awaken. Once to suspect we are doing ill, is a positive bar to doing otherwise. I knew I had not said what I ought, or said it as I ought, and I sat down provoked and disheartened.

‘I recollect my client’s expression of disappointment. Although he had no right to anticipate a very splendid argument, some parts of the defence led him to wonder at the want of regularity and power which marked it as a whole. Neither he nor Fleming made any remark, while the case was submitted to the jury, who, without much delay, returned a verdict for the plaintiff. Thus ended my first professional effort.

‘They have given it to the widow’s children!’ said I, as I sat alone in my office, the evening after the unfortunate trial. The events of the day were passing through my mind quickly and painfully. I could not but fancy that my failure was somehow connected with the resolution I had formed, on undertaking my profession. I had looked to that day as the great stepping-stone, perhaps to political eminence, and it had given way beneath my feet.

‘Presently Robert Fleming entered. He was not a usual visitor, and I thought his calling at that time peculiarly unfair. We conversed carelessly awhile about ordinary topics. A little anxious lest I might appear down-hearted, I alluded, in an apparently accidental manner, to the business which had occupied the court.

‘He turned his deep black eye toward me, and for a time made no

reply. At length he said, 'You were remarkably unfortunate.' 'Oh!' I replied, 'with forced unconcern, 'I hardly hoped any thing else; it was up-hill work.'

There was silence for a moment. 'I fancied it would interest you,' he added, rising to go away, 'and to tell the truth, I recommended you to the executor. We had heard of a certain prudish promise, and longed to see how firmly it would be kept. But I perceive you have got the better of it.'

'Oh, entirely!' said I, parting from him with a smile, while the tears came to my eyes, and my heart ached with vexation, that, of all other men, he had sent the temptation, watched my weakness, and seen it work my failure.

'While I was brooding over the events of that unlucky day, and not long after my visitor's departure, a servant put into my hands a note from Judge Lynde. The magistrate was peculiarly condescending, and begged I would meet a few friends at his house on the ensuing evening, in a strain of happy compliment, of which, more than other man, he was master. The clouds seemed breaking away.

'I said that Lynde was a wary and a contriving man; but his art was perfect, for it was invisible. He was a little past fifty, his hair gray, and spare upon his forehead, and his smile one of the most open in the world. Yet at times his brow would contract, and a shade cross his countenance; but it passed away in a moment, and an expression was resumed, as bright as the moon-beam — as beautiful, and as cold. He was enough a man of the world to dazzle one whose ambition was to win the world's applause.

'During the evening, he took several opportunities of alluding to the difficulties of the late trial; explained with considerable candor his political views, and urged others, as particularly necessary for the generation coming upon the stage.

'The mistress of the house, and others of the family, possessed the same elegant cordiality. The second daughter, Fanny Lynde, was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. She was very tall, finely modelled, and perfectly graceful. A slight degree of *hauteur* mingled itself in her still expression, but was lost in the animation of her speech. The mental activity of her father, without his darker musings, enlivened her conversation, and a natural wit, which romps, perhaps, freest, when unencumbered by a heart, gave a charm and freshness to her society. She sought, and secured, and was satisfied with the admiration of gay life. I thought I had never heard any one converse more gracefully.

'The image of the magistrate's beautiful daughter haunted me long after I had left the brilliant scene which she adorned. I was to have written to the widow that evening, but the words came slowly, and I found the ink dry in my pen, and myself contrasting the fascinating girl by whose side I had so pleasantly galloped through the evening, with my old friend Anna Carlton. Anna would have quivered like an aspen-leaf in the merry throng, which seemed but to add strength and grace to the young thing I had been conversing with. Then Anna's simplicity, frankness, and self-devotion came to recollection, and (I think of it to this day with pleasure,) for once the

scales balanced each other — but for the last time. Ever after, ambition held the beam.

‘Months elapsed; friendships were multiplied; business increased in proportion; my visits at the politician’s were frequent, and by degrees, reports buzzed about right merrily. Every one has seen some person or other take a fancy, as the phrase goes, to another less eminent or powerful than himself. To such a fancy was Lynde’s condescension to me attributable. He complained of my absence from his house, and frequently, before joining the elegant group in the drawing-room, would explain to me in his study the propriety of urging myself forward in the conservative ranks, and, mixing with his counsel more or less flattery, anticipate the certain triumph of our party principles.

‘I have seen in my day men of talents panting for distinction, and men of eminence proud of their achievements; but never one so tinged with the changing hues of ambition, now glittering with success, now bright with hope, and now dark with despair. Every thing was secondary; literary application was necessary to eminence; affability was politic, and hospitality a stepping-stone; the present nothing; the future always anticipated, never attained; his mind working incessantly beneath the oil of social intercourse thrown upon the surface; his energies, and means, and hopes, tending toward one point, and that political advancement. Years ago, I could not see all this as clearly as I now see it.

‘Touching the hours spent in the magistrate’s family, I have nothing now to say. A light, dazzling but not very pure, plays about them in memory; and associations burning to myself, but cold to any other, are enkindled when the embers of recollection are disturbed. They are added to the record of pleasures alloyed by self-reproach, and giddy enjoyments overcoming the resolutions of better moments. Broken projects, unfinished aspirations, and shattered hopes, are the ruins of those days.

‘In time, I began to be rallied on my good fortune in gaining Lynde’s confidence, and on my familiarity at his house. My fortune, Fleming and others said, was made. Reports, which arose naturally out of affairs, were diligently circulated, and, strange to say, with such absurdities I was gratified. Business increased, and a letter to my mother, of this date, thus concludes: ‘I really quite fancy this town life. Professional stumbling-blocks have been gradually removed, and our social intercourse is delightful. I am troubled at accounts of your debility. * * * Regards to Miss Carlton.’

‘One person only felt fully the freezing conclusion of that letter. Nearly a year of bustle and ambitious exertion followed; unusual success made me arrogant, and led me at last to think of more quiet days — the amusements and society of the country village, and the simple household of the widow — coldly and seldom. Scheming, contrivance, and success, occupied the present, and pointed to the future.’

‘It was a very hurried letter, requesting me to meet him without delay. As I entered the magistrate’s study, the last rays of day-light

were lingering there, faint and few. The large apartment, strewn as usual with heaps of papers, opened volumes, letters and mss., was perfectly still. I never could conceive of that room being the scene of lifesome gayety, but only of deep thought, and complicated projects of ambition. Lynde, holding a letter which had lately been received, sat half-buried in a large arm-chair, and on my entrance, greeted me with even unusual warmth.

'We had not met for several weeks: circumstances had made me refrain from his house; and in that period, stormy times had passed. There had been several official appointments; one or two foreign ambassadors had been elected; and more than one applicant was vexed and disappointed. Whispers were about, that Lynde had coveted such a distinction; but I had heard them incredulously, as a thousand other idle tales.

'The politician walked through the apartment for several minutes; not as usual making an effort at casual conversation, but engrossed with his own hurrying reflections. I had never before seen him resign the command of his feelings.

'Egerton, you have known me more privately,' at length he said, still walking rapidly backward and forward, and smoothing the white hair, from his forehead, 'than such a difference in years generally warrants. Your intimacy in this family has been very great; God knows, I approve of it, and its consequences!' He paused, seeming to doubt whether he could, even for once, draw thoughts and feelings from the very bottom of a well, deeper than whose surface the light of human sympathy seldom penetrated.

'I am an old man,' he added. 'The world call me eminent, and most men ambitious. But what I had been, had not the substance been transformed to shadow in my grasp, no one has conceived! Do they not mutter some thing about the late embassy to the Court of St. James? Do they say I am disappointed?'

'I replied that vague reports had been circulated touching the matter.

'They lie, by the light of heaven!' He paused; and smiling, added, in an under tone, 'I hope we understand each other?'

'If years of intercourse,' said I, 'have not recommended me to your confidence —'

'Ay: whatever I have felt concerning that appointment, is locked up here. I am sinking below the horizon, but he who has gained the distinction, has hardly reached the meridian. The honorable station of foreign secretary at the same court is yet to be filled, and here, and here, and here,' he said, turning over letters and documents, 'are assurances that my interest will weigh much in the choice.'

'He moved closer toward me, and with a searching but half-hesitating glance, discovered the project which had been occupying his mind, adjuring me to avail myself of this opportunity of advancement. I wondered a little at his eagerness, but he hurried on, and taking my hand, exclaimed: 'It may be yours without a struggle! Observe the ambassador; scrutinize every movement — every motive; use warily the confidence — he must needs repose — and secretly and faithfully report all to me. By aid of a little ingenuity in disposing of a

few late events — by watching the future — I fancy he will not long adorn his coveted station.'

'Become a spy!' said I, with some indignation.

'Nay, merely a political opponent; a friend in the smile and courtesies of life — in heart only an enemy. You cannot say I often solicit favors. If I fall of a sudden, remember he balked me of the honor, and act as I would act!'

'A hundred emotions rushed across my mind. I thought something about self-respect, and official corruption, and moral independence, and about being hurried away by temptation. But the spark had fallen, and as the train which years had laid, burned and flashed along its way, the last relic of good resolution was consumed. I took his hand, and bound myself to second him. Other matters were then touched upon, which I may be allowed to pass over. 'God be thanked!' said he, as we parted, 'I fancy the girl too will be a rare flower at the Court of St. James.'

'EVERY one is pleased to be thought a rising man; and notwithstanding an occasional sneer at my intimacy with the veteran politician, the terms began to be applied to me pretty frequently. In a few weeks, the appointment from which he promised himself materials for revenge, fell, as he had prayed, upon me. It was my first great step on ambition's ladder, and although after years elevated me more, my head was never again so giddy. Favors greater than the political distinction hung upon the choice, and I entered Lynde's mansion for the first time, the accepted suitor of his beautiful daughter.

'All this now seems like a dream; I can hardly realize how years have gone, and hopes, and good desires, and prospects, have changed.

'Solemn fools nodded their heads on learning the result of 'the intimacy;' several who had hardly known me when business was dull, were especially cordial in their congratulations; and Fleming averred that he had always foreseen that I should meet with good luck. To say the truth, when I looked upon the majestic creature leaning on my arm, and found myself appointed to a responsible office at a foreign court, and yet a young man, I half doubted if all were reality. But the brightest sun casts shadows, and somehow a train of dark recollections would mingle themselves with the splendid images, which used to flit before me, and despite myself, compel me to pay regard to them. I dreamed now and then of standing in my mother's chamber, and in the brightest gayeties of life, a fitful flash of memory would sometimes show me in the past, the happy country girl, poor Anna Carlton. But I threw into my letter to my mother, announcing the state of affairs, all the affectionate warmth for which once, alas! I had no need to strive. I fear to her it was the form, and semblance, and elegance of regard, without the soul. Before she replied, I went to visit her.

THE cottage door was not opened as usual by Anna Carlton, but by a neighbor, whose countenance brightened when we met, in spite of her efforts at a little ceremony. The widow, she said, had been

ill since my last letter ; she would apprise her of every arrival. I sat down in the widow's parlor, feeling that it was an altered spot. Yet the old heir-looms were all there, and the family clock clicked quietly in the corner. But no young voice echoed there, and I fancied that the happy hearts which used to beat there, would beat never again so merrily.

'By and by my mother entered. She was paler than I had expected, and I saw had delayed, that she might change a ruffle, or add some decoration to her apparel, before she came into the presence of her stranger son, and it grieved me deeply. I thought of the days when I used to leap into her arms ; when every hope and fear was nightly divulged to her, and how in after years I took pride in administering to the comforts of that kindest, and humblest, and loveliest of mothers.

'As she advanced toward me, there was a flush upon her cheek, and at first a little formality in her expression ; but only for the instant : she clasped her arms around me, and said, with a tenderness I have never forgotten, 'Oh ! my son, God bless you !'

'The news of my engagement had come upon her as the storm upon the willow ; no resistance, no crash, but its victim yielding, and bent to the earth. There was a sadness and humility about her, which no human words, and no human eye but hers could have expressed.

'Of Fanny Lynde she spoke with a delicacy which became so humble a being as herself. But when I told her with my own lips that I was going from the country, and must shortly take leave of her, had her tears been drops of molten lead, they could not more have burned me to the soul. With a good deal of doubt, I inquired for Anna Carlton. She was rather unwell, and in her room. I knew well enough the illness which detained her, but not the exertion my mother was making to give me a cheerful welcome. But God forbid I should detail that visit ! Like the rest of these events, it has passed behind a veil which is seldom withdrawn. I requested, before I left, to see Miss Carlton, if but for an instant, wishing to gaze on a remembrance of better and happier days.

'Several neighbors came to offer congratulations — some in ignorance, and some for form. Several were happy I had been so fortunate in my profession and connexions, and others said, bluntly, there was no predicting what changes years might work ; and then shaking their heads, hoped the widow was better, and Anna quite well.

'Heavy hours rolled away, and the time came for my departure. Of the parting with my mother I shall not speak. It had come to an end, and I was about crossing the threshold, when I heard a light footstep, and saw Anna Carlton advancing toward us. There was not the usual color in her cheek, nor the usual spirit in her eye ; but there was the same beaming smile as ever. For a moment I stood perfectly unmoved, and when I approached her, speech seemed to have forgotten its office.

'But I had seen, as I had desired, the relic of earlier days, and her glance seemed to roll back the dark tide of years. Perhaps she found the like satisfaction in the interview. She extended her hand, I

clasped it in mine, and with that most common and coldest of forms, without a single word, Anna Carlton and I, who used to chat together from morning till night, separated for ever. I left the cottage with the wish, that as with me pollution had entered, it might follow me thence again, and reached town, my spirits ill according with the merry and gorgeous preparations for the coming wedding.

'Lynde, a weak man in his devotion to the elegancies of life, would fain show the world that he approved of his daughter's marriage. He was resolved that his fair and favorite child should celebrate her nuptials in all the splendor he could command. Fanny Lynde herself moved through the scene like a queen receiving her dues; her personal beauty and graceful wit had given her a kind of conventional ascendancy; she conversed with all, but, as it were, descended to converse with them. Her father would, time and again, take her hand, and charge her playfully to do him credit at the Court of St. James; to which a glance of her dark eye, or the scornful turn of her lip, was her only and perhaps best reply.

'I joined in the gayety which was going forward, and watched the splendor which was preparing, apparently with considerable interest.

'At last the month was gone, and the festivities were at hand. Congratulations poured in — thanks were returned — ceremonies were performed; and little was talked of, but the wedding and our departure. The day before the marriage was to be solemnized, Lynde was sitting in my office, explaining for the hundredth time a certain course I was to pursue, after having officially gained the ambassador's confidence, when a man brought me a letter in a familiar hand, with a black seal. The magistrate urged me to thrust it away for the time; but I had involuntarily broken it open, and — oh God! that letter, and its consequences!

I do not much regret that my friends record breaks off thus abruptly. Perhaps, unconsciously interested in the circumstances, I have already extracted more than was fitting. But I shall have little to add. The letter commenced with the most affectionate advice from the widow; she commended him to the blessing of Heaven with a mother's fervor, and feeling from her increasing weakness that they should never meet again in this world, she besought him, in memory of younger days, and more boyish pleasures, to be a *good man*.

Such a tone of perfect mildness and forgiveness as marked that letter, I never before listened to. It reverted a little to old times and old companions; recalled one or two early adventures, which of a winter's evening at home used to send the laugh round the circle, and besought her son to seek with his best zeal the glory one day to be revealed. From the trembling hand which traced them, these words fell with a burning heat. All at once, the weak hand-writing ended, and, evidently written at a later date, was the following: 'God did not permit your dear mother to transmit to you this last memento of her affection. She sank away calmly and unexpectedly, and expired last evening, with your name upon her lips. ANNA CARLTON.'

So suddenly, and from such a source, did poor Egerton learn this sad news. There were many shakings of the head, when it was told through the village that the widow Egerton was dead. Many had said that she was dying of neglect, and many more would not like to charge their consciences with Egerton's coldness to a certain young friend, and prophesied no good of a marriage, which, truth to tell, it were better should not take place.

I have often thought these latter good people spoke with a fair degree of shrewdness. The nuptials were decently delayed, and that delay postponed them for ever. Only a few weeks after the above letter, Fanny Lynde received an injury on an equestrian party of pleasure, and was brought senseless to her father's house. Of Lynde's agony and disappointment, a less haughty man can hardly conceive; so many bright visions, and paternal hopes, dispelled in a moment! He insisted, however, on Egerton's retaining his situation; possibly he could return, and find her improved. Ambition once more conquered; and when in a few months Charles Egerton sailed for England, his bride had scarcely the consciousness to bid him farewell.

It is rather fashionable now-a-days to make light of affairs of the heart, and to talk coldly about the nonsense of pining for disappointed love. Perhaps in some cases these notions may be sincere; but Anna Carlton knew nothing of them. She had loved Egerton with all her affections, and never once thought of concealing it. We often see a man, when the regard he has trusted totters to the ground, gather strength from the fall, and again be stern and daring. But the delicate hopes and affections of woman are sadly shattered by the jarring.

When the widow's household was broken up, Anna Carlton found a home with as kind a friend. Perhaps a stranger would have thought her daily duties cheerfully performed; and so they were, but not heartily. She was willing to live for others; but for herself, she prayed every night to meet the widow in heaven — for those on earth, whom her prayer might avail.

I will not linger on the remainder of this sketch. Sometimes a neighbor would strive to make the young orphan happy, and when in their simple merry-meetings a smile used to sit on Anna's cheek, they fancied her spirits were returning. But her heart was enshrined within an inner temple, the threshold of which, joy never passed. Not a word of repining ever escaped her, nor was a moment given to idleness; and thus she gently and hourly declined. A few months of sorrow and solitude, and close beside the spot where the widow Egerton was buried, the sod was composed over the grave of her young friend, Anna Carlton.

When the world dazzles, or interest leads astray, I love to wander to that rural burial-place. The unostentatious record of her purity, who is now beyond the reach of all human disappointment, to me is full of meaning, and I take my place again among men, with a kinder sympathy for the erring, and better guarded against temptation.

H Y M N .

WRITTEN FOR THE LATE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF 'THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS, AT
NEW-HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.'

HERE then, beneath the green-wood shade,
His altar first the pilgrim made;
'T was here, amid the mingled throng,
First breathed the prayer, and woke the song.

The same low sounds are in our ears,
Which echoed in those early years;
'T was this same wave, with gentle reach,
Came rippling up the shingled beach.

The sun which lends its gladness now,
Lay bright upon the pilgrim's brow;
And this same wind, here breathing free,
Curled round his honor'd head in glee.

How peaceful smiled that Sabbath sun !
How holy was that day begun !
When here, amid the thick woods dim,
Went up the pilgrim's first low hymn !

Hush'd was the stormy forest's roar,
The forest eagle screamed no more ;
And, far along the ocean's side,
The billow murmur'd where it died.

The young bird, cradled by its nest,
Its matin symphony repress'd ;
And nothing broke the silence there,
Save the low hymn, or humbler prayer.

The red man, as the blue wave broke
Before his dipping paddle's stroke,
Paused, and hung list'ning on his oar,
As the hymn came from off the shore.

Look now upon the same still scene !
The wave is blue, the turf is green ;
But where are now the wood and wild —
The pilgrim and the forest child ?

The wood and wild have pass'd away ;
Pilgrim and forest child are clay ;
And here, upon their graves, we stand,
The freed-men of a mighty land !

And lo ! our goodly heritage,
A busy scene, a prosperous age ;
Here Commerce spreads her snowy wings,
And Art, amid her labor, sings.

Far as the spreading gaze is given,
A fruitful soil, a glowing heaven ;
Contentment all the valley fills,
While peace is piping from the hills.

And here, where hearth nor home might bless,
Once, in the woody wilderness,
Like spring, young Love now decks the year,
And Sharon's sweetest rose is here.

* Supposed to be sung on the spot where the pilgrims landed, and held their first public Sabbath worship.

Soft voices wake the streets all day,
And smiling looks, and hearts as gay;
And sweeter than the breath of birds,
Childhood's light laugh, and half-lisp'd words.

Law, Justice, Love, here meet as one,
Here Science hails her gifted son;
Here Faith secures *her* sacrifice,
And Hope bends radiant from the skies.

Then while upon this spot we stand,
The children of that Christian band,
Be ours the thoughts we owe, this day,
To our great fathers pass'd away.

By prayer and contemplation led,
Be ours by their brave spirits fed!
Be ours the faith and valor true,
Which nerved that brave immortal few!

Be ours the love by virtue given —
The good man's boast, the pride of Heaven;
Be ours their efforts and their aim,
Their truth, their glory, and their name!

New-Haven, June, 1838.

W. T. H.

SHAKSPEARE'S SEVEN AGES.

AGE FIFTH.

'And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part.'

It has lately been well and truly said, 'There are two kinds of wisdom: in the one, every age in which science flourishes surpasses, or ought to surpass, its predecessor; of the other, there is nearly an equal amount in all ages. The first is the wisdom which depends upon long chains of reasonings, a comprehensive survey of the whole of a great subject at once, or complicated and subtle processes of metaphysical analysis: this is properly philosophy; the other is that acquired by experience of life, and a good use of the opportunities possessed by all who have mingled much with the world, or who have a large share of human nature in their bosoms. This unsystematic wisdom, drawn from personal experience is *termed properly* the wisdom of ages.* The writer from whom we quote, goes on to state, that this notion furnishes a solution of the wisdom of the Proverbs of Solomon, which are, on this account, equally applicable to all periods. Indeed it is the writing from these real sources of knowledge, action and observation, that makes the popularity of Æsop, the excellence of Bacon, and the immortality of Shakspeare. But forms and customs, the science of getting on in the world, change.

* London and Westminster Rev., Jan. 1837.

The 'justice' of our historian is not the justice of one day universally. The character he has hit upon to embody the 'fifth age' is not, perhaps, as applicable now as it was then. But Shakspeare himself was a 'justice,' when he wrote the ages, not though as he painted him. It is his own age that, in our view, he fails to describe with perfect truth. But it has almost passed into an axiom that no man can write the history of his own times or of his own life. Then how can a justice describe a justice? No American could at this time write the history of the administration of Andrew Jackson with impartiality; and it is satisfactory to think, that the life of John Quincy Adams will be written by some one in the next generation. The man looks with truth upon his boyhood, his loves, and his battles, but he does not know himself. The 'justice' is the age of wisdom, but not the wisdom of its own nature and time, but of the past.

A man may be a fool at thirty, and yet die a sage. Let him who has gleaned no knowledge at forty, who is a dupe, a bigot, and a sneak at this age, keep as much out of sight as possible. His case is hopeless. It is told as a great wonder in the history of mind, that Sheridan was a dull boy. Now he is called a dull boy who does not get his lessons at school, who hates books; and it is precisely those minds that are not easily trammelled and harnessed by false systems of education, that are most likely to turn out well. Why expect the fruit before the harvest? Why look for wisdom in the ages of experience? Byron's early poetry was perhaps justly ridiculed. He who is a wonder as a boy, is rarely distinguished as a man. The boyhood of a distinguished man may be made to become a wonder, when read by the light of his manly deeds; when we have the key of his character at hand to decipher the riddle of his waywardness or dullness in his youth. The fruits that are early ripe are often worm-eaten and unsound, and the minds that are precocious and forward, never arrive at perfect strength. Let him who is cosseted in his early years as a genius, content to stand upon the sandy foundation of a pretty thought, or a flowery college exercise, beware of neglecting the common; beware of neglecting those paths to wisdom which lie open to be trod in the market places of mankind.

The steps to the 'justice' or age of wisdom, are regularly progressive. A man may not jump the 'lover' or the 'soldier' with impunity. This is the reason why some are never wise, because they are never boys, lovers, and soldiers, in a natural way; they are hurried, by ambitious and impatient parents, who always look at their children through magnifying glasses, over the early disciplinary 'ages.' A boy is a lover when he should be playing ball; he passes into action when he should be 'sighing like furnace,' and he becomes a long, lean, lank 'justice,' with no portliness nor 'wise saws' in which to play his part.

Many poets who have been worshipped, were not men in independence, self-reliance, and resolution. Like the wandering harpers, the minstrels of old, they have been welcome in castle hall, in lady's bower. They have had the freedom of the world granted to them; and by common consent have been supposed to be free from the rules and obligations which bind working, every-day men. Their excesses have been pardoned as venial eccentricities, and all their

strangeness viewed as the peculiarities of genius. Persons very wise in their own estimation, fall into the palpable inconsistency of ridiculing those who would elevate common life into its real importance, and who would consecrate in poetry, not the wild, the supernatural, the exaggerated, but simple action, way-side truth, the humble, the pure, the lowly; the cottage, not the palace; the cottager, not the king. Those very persons who now cry out so loudly against transcendentalism, the vague, the false, as they call it, are the men who, by their patronage and praise, have been the advocates of those who, so they wrote well, they were content should live very badly. They prefer Byron and Goldsmith, the one an exile by his own ill-regulated passions, the other a vagabond and gambler, to Wordsworth, with his worship of nature, and his saint-like life.

Goldsmith never was a wise man or 'justice.' He travelled widely, and mixed extensively with mankind. He is wise by fits and starts, just in proportion as he follows his practical knowledge; and he is a fool in his new clothes, and at cards, and with his wine. Poor Goldy! We love thee while we condemn thee. We use thy faults for argument — for the benefit of truth; thy virtues need no trumpet. And thou thyself, in thy purified state, free from duns, landladies, and thy superiors in talk, who prevented thee irksomely from realizing at the moment the inward strength thou wert conscious of possessing, now robed in immortal clothing with no base, earthly senses to distract thy spirit, as thou indulgest thy roving propensities in speeding from world to world, in thy pursuits of divine history, if thou art stopping to look over my shoulder as I indite thy name, in the reckless generosity of thy nature, art willing for all sacrifices of thine own! Thou knowest my motive! Thou forgivest the apparent wrong! Come, let me read to thee the 'Deserted Village,' in this richly-bound volume of your works! A poor tribute, this gilding and binding, to thy merit! Know that thou art read in many a carefully worn book, by the light of the kitchen fire; that all know thee and love thee, and all acknowledge that 'e'en thy failings lean to virtue's side!'

Man was made to be a father, to have a family altar, to provide for the wants of his children. These acts develop his nature, and make him a 'justice.' How foolish to suppose a house capable of erecting itself, or to suppose a human being can be wise without experience!

Those young men who are starting in life with high hopes, and who, in a noble spirit, have counted the cost of their undertaking, and determined upon the sacrifice, should not be discouraged when a young genius arises and shoots by them in their plodding course, seeming to take by intuition what costs them so much work. Let them recollect, that almost all those who lived in the body, years ago, and are not yet dead in the heart of the world, did not produce their lasting fruits until they had become 'justices;' been experienced in life, suffered its pangs, its ineffable miseries, and undergone its labor. Men may have a wonderful aptness in storing in their minds the knowledge of past ages, a retentive memory, a musical ear, fine taste, i. e., a good balance of the senses, the selections of the ear not offending the eye, and so through all, and yet be wanting, no matter how showy they may be, in a power to originate a single valuable idea. The makers are few; the sellers, the transporters, the box-fillers, the

binders, many. For a young man to feel his faults, to know and lament his deficiencies, is the surest token of inherent soundness. He must not expect to be a 'justice' in a hurry. Let him work, and patiently bide his time.

The early successes of the genius make him satisfied with himself, and endanger his mental health. He is apt to stop to contemplate his own elevation; to reap his reward, ere it is ripe for the plucking; while the late reapers gain the full harvest, pressed down and running over. If any one is anxious to test the truth of these remarks, we refer him to the eminent lawyers, profound philosophers, and eloquent and sound preachers of this or any time. Those men who have held the first places in the world's action, its honors and respect, as a general thing, either spent their youth in manual labor or some drudgery or other. After the age of twenty-five, many have begun their book-education, already educated to no common strength, and have sat with boys on a recitation bench, at school and college, and been taught by their juniors. They have had the courage and philosophy to do all this, and more, to support themselves through this iron labor (for books, words, signs, are no trifle to a man who has all his life been used to the real *thing* itself,) by services, in a menial capacity, so called, to the college; and then have by inches mounted the 'steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar,' and been rewarded for their chivalry and manliness. These are the 'justices,' and we hope they have their 'bellies with good capon lined,' or mutton or beef-steak, as they recount the history of their early struggles to their children. Surely it is no disgrace to a man to go well fed, let him be never so intellectual and philanthropic!

Wisdom is not always employed for good, and we must needs confess that most of the charlatanry in the world is perpetrated by middle-aged gentlemen or 'justices.' It is rarely the case that youth lends itself to a set piece of imposition. It may be driven to shifts, be led into crime, and plunged in despair, which very state is a proof of a not seared conscience. But a man must be long drilled, tightly cramped, and have seen a great deal of life, (we take the view of Shakspeare,) before he will be willing to put on the garb of 'wise saws and modern instances,' and play a part. The enthusiasm of youth passed, the hurry and bustle of action being over, many a man, being taught, by conscience and his wisdom, to read the selfishness and wickedness of his own heart, about whose purity and fitness for death he has had no time to consider, does try, at least, to assume the exterior, the reality of which he so much needs, and which his moral nature demands, of virtue and sobriety; and without 'making any bones' about it, he joins churches; is enrolled in societies for the suppression of every thing, no matter what, so it bears the name of 'reform;' begins to look grave; comb out his curls; keep a little memorandum-book of wise sayings; feed that disposition in the world to look up to the solemn quackery of humbug, and so 'he plays his part.'

Such an one, having learned the pleasures of temperance by the pains of excess, the folly of passion by the comforts of a constant equanimity, is prepared to enjoy an inferior kind of happiness in the gratifications of sense. He knows the rules of his stomach. You

do not catch him guzzling beer and oysters of a morning. He eschews cocktails, slings, and the whole tribe of toddies, and, 'his fair round belly, with good capon lined,' he sips his weak brandy and water, or his diluted sherry, with the air of a man who is no novice, and who can predict to a shade the coats of his tongue at sunrise. Envious justice! Thou worldly-wise, thou respectable man, through what dangers hast thou passed! How many severe head-aches and severe mortifications, sometimes burnt, and again only singed, has Time carried you! Where didst thou learn that voice, that swell and froth of utterance? Where that port, that measured gait, the blending of stage dignity and commercial consequence? Where learnedst thou the carriage of that cane? What tailor made thy coat, the flaps so broad and respectable?—and where gottest thou that hat, that looks new and old in a breath, with just enough of wear about it? I see thou hast a wife; and she too, inestimable woman! begins to fill out into respectability. Who could suppose either of you ever danced? You seem to have been for ages what you now are. You look no older to-day than yesterday, or six years ago. Were you ever young? Did those 'eyes severe' in wisdom, ever look love, drop the tear of pity, or glisten with delight? Did those compressed lips ever cry 'ma,' or imprint a warm kiss? Good justice, thou art not much to blame, but there certainly is a good deal to laugh at in your mock solemnity. You are acting a part. God speed you harmlessly to the end of the fifth act!

Now — laying aside the true justice, a man all benevolence and charity, who has learned to look as a philosopher and Christian upon the errors of man, who deals in large principles, and trades wholesale in virtue — there is your justice-merchant, your justice-deacon, your justice-parson, your justice-quack, your justice-reformer, and your justice-of-the-peace. The first makes no allowance for any body's faults but his own; the second sleeps in church, and votes a member out of meeting for getting in his hay on a showery Sunday; the third preaches what he does not believe; the fourth gives medicines he never takes himself; the fifth is crazy about the public virtue, to the neglect of all inward piety; the sixth often gets his appointment because fit for nothing else, or as a reward for twenty years' service to a party. Some of these do and some do not wear 'beards of formal cut.' Some only shave once a week, out of compliment to a clean shirt. All are large eaters; many sly drinkers. All are 'full of wise saws and modern instances, and so they play their part.'

HOPE.

HOPE is a goddess fairest seen,
When Time holds up his veil between;
Her charms are of such doubtful hue,
They cannot bear a closer view.
Approach can mar them — contact blight,
And brief possession mars them quite.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY GRACE GRAFTON.

In a beautiful valley, which had long since been redeemed from the rude hand of nature, and over which the art of man had spread the blessings of civilization, a noble mansion reared its walls. In the midst of a spacious plain it stood, and peace and plenty were there.

This goodly dwelling was inhabited by a dame called Virtue, who not only maintained order and discipline within its walls, but over the whole valley shed the influence of her wise laws and sober regulations. Virtue was a comely matron, and pleasant to look upon, when she wore a smile upon her brow, and walked abroad through peaceful scenes, to the natural beauty of which her prudence had added an air of sweet security. The majesty of a queen sat upon her brow, and the purity of an angel; and there was at times something so winning in her tranquil smile, that an unfortunate wretch who had often looked on her from a distance with wistful eyes, ventured one evening to approach under the shadow of twilight, and implore her protection.

The supplicant was one of those erring daughters of humanity for whom Vice, the great arch enemy of Virtue, had set his snares, and not in vain. Poor fool!—she had unwarily entered his enticing paths, and becoming sorely entangled, had made a desperate effort to retrace her steps; but not unscathed did she escape; she had lost her fairest ornaments, and many a thorn had pierced her feet and rent her garments. Thus blemished and bent with shame, she appeared before Virtue, and humbly asked permission to tread the same road, and follow at a distance on her chaste footsteps.

Scarcely had this dejected form presented itself, when a sudden change came over the face of Virtue. As though a wintry wind had swept over her, she stood chilled and rigid, and scarcely opening her lips, motioned sternly with her raised arm to the sinner to depart. But not so was this child of error to be daunted. Still lingering near the sweet abode of Virtue, she haunted her steps, and hung upon her robe, and entreated beseechingly to be allowed once more to wind her way in silent obscurity through those paths of peace. Until, observing ever that she was repulsed with scorn and abhorrence, she stepped aside, and fell once more into the snares of Vice, where fearful ills beset her, and evil fellowship corrupted. The blandishments of Pleasure and Wantonness, those thoughtless satellites of Vice, gave transient relief from the anguish of remorse, and with companions like unto these she revelled a while, forgetful of the charms of innocence, and indignant at the frowns of Virtue; for a change had passed over her soul, from the moment she was cast off, degraded, from her last interview with that prudent and dignified lady. They never met again, except by chance, when, sad and weary, this wretched wanderer made a last feeble effort to regain her footing within the outskirts of Virtue's beautiful domain. Well might she struggle, for a yawning abyss was near, and many a fatal warning told her that her backward steps were sliding thitherward. But it

was now too late to shake off the evil companions that dragged her downward, and hindered her for ever more from passing unnoticed into the humble path of duty. Wantonness idled near, and Levity hung about her like a gaudy creeper round a sickly stem.

A crimson flush rested on the chaste brow of Virtue, and indignation sparkled in her eyes, when she accidentally encountered the hardened gaze, and loose disordered air, of the unfortunate; and turning to her friends Modesty and Propriety, whose faces were as red as her own, she cried, in tones that sounded like knells of death in the ears of the guilty: 'Aid me, aid me, my maidens, in chasing this abandoned creature from our own pure, unsullied walks!'

She had scarcely spoken, when her wish was accomplished, and Vice, seizing on his victim, hurled her into the abyss of infamy, where, through scenes of unspeakable pollution, she trod her way to everlasting sorrow.

Where were those lovely sisters, the fair attendants on Virtue, Faith, Hope, and Charity, whose sweet voices might have counselled that stern dame to listen to the pleadings of Mercy, and stretch forth a redeeming hand to the erring one, before it was too late to save her from the dreadful doom of the wicked? Faith was at church; Hope dwells too much on the future, to grant assistance in present difficulty; and as for Charity — she was at home.

AMERICAN GIRLS.

THE maidens of my own country,
I boast me of them all;
As smiling in their tranquil homes,
As blithe in festal hall:
I boast me of their forms of grace,
Their eyes of heavenly blue,
But most I pride me in their hearts —
Their hearts, so warm and true.

'Come, Laura of the siren song
The ball to-night is gay;
With roses there and music-notes,
They slip the hours away;
Then be no more the lone wild-rose,
With sweet face aye unseen,
But braid those sunny locks, and come
To reign our Beauty's queen.'

'Gay, gay, I trow the ball may be,
With mirth and music's chime,
But I must by my father sit,
And sing an old world rhyme.
Sweeter to me than dancer's praise,
It is to hear him say,
'God bless thee now, my bonny child,
Thou steal'st mine age away!'

'Come, Amie of the roguish eye,
Young Ernest leads the dance,
To him full many a maiden throws
A message-sending glance;
Come show that dainty cheek to-night,
Its blushes are betrayed,
And be no more the lily-flower,
That lives and dies a maid.

Elizabethtown, (N. J.), May, 1838.

'Young Ernest leads the dance to-night,
He hath a soul of glee;
Yet were his step not there, I trow,
The ball were bright for me:
But wo's my heart! all sick and pale
My brother pineth now,
And he will chide for Amie's hand
To bathe his burning brow.'

'Say Isabel, 'our soul's lady,'
The ball is blithest now,
Then why amidst its mirth, so pale,
With brimful eye, art thou?
Ye look just like the new-dressed rose
The big rain has gone o'er,
That droops the head, and seems to say,
I'll queen it here no more.'

'The ball is beautiful to me,
The music is most sweet,
'Tis joy to see my sisters glance,
Their glow-worm light'ning feet;
But Leslie is a sailor bold,
And he is on the sea;
The winds may lose his bark, to-night,
Then what's this ball to me?

THE maidens of my own country,
I boast me of them all,
As smiling in their tranquil homes,
As blithe in festal hall;
I boast me of their forms of grace,
Their eyes of heavenly blue,
But most I pride me in their hearts,
Their hearts, so warm and true.

H. L. B.

THE EVENING OF LIFE.

‘WHEN the summer day of youth is slowly wasting away into the nightfall of age, and the shadows of past years grow deeper and deeper, as life wears to its close, it is pleasant to look back, through the vista of time, upon the sorrows and felicities of our earlier years. If we have a home to shelter, and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends have been gathered together around our firesides, then the rough places of our wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed away, in the twilight of life, while the sunny spots we have passed through, will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy indeed are they, whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and touching, in the evening of age.’

Two articles, one entitled ‘Our Birth Days,’ and the other ‘Our Wedding Days,’ have appeared in the *KNICKERBOCKER*. They were designed to present to view many of those interesting scenes which distinguish the period between the dawn of infancy and the meridian of human life ; to trace the gradual formation of early wishes continually expanding, and the aspirations of young ambition, in its advance to the cares and business of the world, and the realization of anticipated happiness, not only in the morning of connubial promises and hopes, but in the calm and retirement of the family circle, amidst its kind, and mild, and purifying influences. Some advice has been offered, and some suggestions have been made, in the hope that they might awaken more particular attention to the discharge of those duties and delightful offices, on which the happiness of home so essentially depends ; which assuredly serve to brighten those chains which connect hearts with hearts, here on earth ; and, what is of more vital importance, may prepare those hearts for never-ending communion in the regions of love, purity, and peace, in Heaven. In our early days, we are constantly extending our upward view to the elevated landscapes spread out before us. Our ambition is continually prompting us to ascend, till we can reach them, and join the happy multitudes who possess and enjoy them. In this prospective and distant view, we perceive unnumbered charms, but we have no distinct vision of the scenes beyond. In process of time, in various paths, we advance ; and, as we advance, we discover the elevation to be less than we had imagined : and as soon as we arrive at the summit, we see that the plain is not so extensive as we had supposed ; and find that the ground soon becomes gradually descending to the shadowy vale of years. To this vale, our view is now more particularly to be directed, and to the search for those avenues which may be the most smooth, peaceful, and pleasant.

We are now to consider ourselves as having arrived at that stage of our earthly journey, from which the place of its termination becomes every year more and more distinctly discernible. We perceive a gradual change in the climate, and an autumnal coolness in the air, as we advance : the verdure has lost much of its freshness ; and the fading colors around us remind us that we are in the neighborhood of life’s sober twilight, and solitude, and decay. Such, at least, is the prospect to the general observer, and such are the reasoning and the conclusions which are constantly commanding our attention. Such scenes as these are of an instructive character. They call to our remembrance the flatteries of the world, and its thousand broken promises, and teach us to depend for our contentment and

happiness upon other sources than those which satisfied our desires in the days of the heart's sunshine, while indulging in the pride of health and prospect. We must search for these sources, and secure a supply from them. Their waters may not be so sparkling as those we loved in former years, but they are more salubrious and composing. The holidays of the heart may not be so gay and joyous, but its seasons of thanksgiving will be calm and peaceful. What then are these sources? They are numerous, and accessible to all. It is true, that in all periods of life, sickness or sorrow may visit us, and infuse bitterness into our cup. For these, allowances must always be made, in our estimates of happiness: but making proper deductions on this account, it will be found that life's evening, and its near approach to it, have their fair proportion of substantial peace and comfort.

In the first place, we have the benefit of those lessons which we have been taught by experience; and foolish experiments we shall not be inclined to repeat. We shall be on our guard against temptations, knowing how we are surrounded by them, and knowing also their power. The young are always trying experiments; the aged have seen their uselessness, and avoid them. Youth is a bold and imprudent speculator; Age is cautious, and deals more in realities than in castle-building. Hence the pains and mortifications of disappointment seldom destroy or impair its peace of mind. In the next place, the feelings and passions, which make so much display in the early part of life, in old age become calm and subdued; at least their motion is more gentle and pacific. Anger and resentment are found to be disorderly and disturbing inmates of the bosom; and they will soon be expelled by those whose experience has taught them the miseries which such intruders always occasion. In the third place, in old age, our friendships become matured; and our friends are estimated according to what we consider their deserts; whereas the hasty friendships, as they are called, formed in early life, are frequently dangerous to one or both of the parties: they are formed at random, too often, and end in misfortune. A want of experience occasions thousands of these temporary alliances, which are productive of no valuable results. Old friends are like old wine: more pure, more loved, and more medicinal, than new. 'A faithful friend is the medicine of life;' and when experience is added to fidelity, so much the better.

Again. Go into the family circle, and see the venerable heads of it, whose hands and hearts have been joined for half a century. They have become acquainted with each other's desires, failings, and virtues; and if the world frowns, they are from habit inclined to aid and comfort each other. Their happiness and duty cannot be separated. If any thing is necessary to strengthen their mutual affection and add to the harmony of home, they find it in the consciousness of having been faithful in the education of their children, by planting in their hearts the seeds of religion and virtue. If old age is not a season of pure enjoyment, with a competency, the fault must have been occasioned by early aberrations, or a sinful apostacy from known duty. It is true that the remarks immediately preceding are only *generally* correct. There is in society a melancholy catalogue of

exceptions ; but such is human nature, and such are the frailties and follies of man.

To a certain proportion of mankind — such as the literary, and those whose circumstances place them above the necessity of labor or business, and who are fond of reading and indulging in matters of taste — the evening of life affords especial opportunities for the most tranquil enjoyments, arising from the view of the past, the present, and the future ; and it is the happy season for solemn meditation on subjects of eternal moment : and for this last purpose, the season is most interesting to all, whatever may be the external circumstances which distinguish their lot in life. The foregoing observations have reference to *some* of the comforts of old age, as they are seen to exist, arising out of the employments, habits, dispositions, tastes, and views, of people, as they approach the vale of years. It is true, that in countless instances they are imperfect and unsatisfying comforts. They are too often, merely occasional and transitory : but man's imprudence or misconduct gives them this character. Such being the sorrowful truth, the philosopher and the moralist are anxious to change the aspect of society, and by inducing mankind to observe the only true regimen, to increase the moral health, and preserve it in purity and strength, when bodily disabilities are constantly increasing. Let us then resort to the only medicine which possesses the necessary virtue to sustain the health of the heart, and its best affections, not only in the summer of life, but in its waning autumn, and the cold climate of its winter. The only sure way to guard against this climate, is to be constantly preparing for it. Such a preparation renders our approach toward it by no means unwelcome, because it is so gradual. In a word, a *virtuous life* is the only one which can give serenity and peace during the last act of life's drama. The calm beauty of its evening is generally the natural consequence of a fair morning, properly improved in preparation for the labors and duties of its busy day : and the faithful discharge of these duties will procure those treasures which will last, and preserve their virtues till the close of the evening. We have abundant assurance that such is the course, in the moral as well as the natural world. They who, when young, cultivate kind and affectionate dispositions, will imperceptibly surround themselves with friends, and receive courtesy and kindness from all. The same remark will apply to those in the meridian of life. Sincerity, integrity, and truth, always will command respect, and secure the homage of all hearts, except the hearts of those ' whose censure is praise, and whose good opinion is scandal.' In old age, virtue will always enjoy and inspire confidence : and the peace of mind which an old man, walking in the path of honor and truth, displays to those around him, insensibly awakens in them a love of virtue, and kindles the desire of imitation. We are not aware of the extent of that influence which the Christian and good man, without seeming to know it, exerts on all around. His atmosphere is all health and purity.

It should be remembered, that a large portion of those miseries which multitudes suffer in old age, are penalties which they are doomed to endure, as the usual consequences of irregular habits, violent passions, unhallowed desires, or unpardonable carelessness. Heaven thus

teaches wisdom ; and yet how few attend to the lessons given them ! Let these solemn truths never be forgotten, by the rising or the risen generation. To be sure, there are miseries which age is doomed to suffer, that seem to be the effects of pure misfortune : but what we call misfortunes, too often are occasioned by imprudence or inattention. Afflictions must come, according to the order of nature. Sickness distresses our friends, as well as ourselves ; and *their* death wounds our hearts. Still, in all these cases, the good man finds peace in the retrospect of life, and is sustained by hopes, and consolations, and humble trust, when he extends his view beyond the valley before him. His life may have been, at certain periods of it, covered with clouds and gloom, and even storms may have overtaken him. Still he is at peace with himself and all around him. In the same manner we often witness days in succession, during which no sunshine gladdens the earth, and the elements are in wild and destructive commotion ; yet before those days have closed, the heavens have presented to view the western horizon all mild, cloudless, and beautiful, and glowing with the promises of a morning of serenity and softness. The setting sun of the good man is equally peaceful, and full of promise. Heaven grant that ours may be such ! To gain this blessing should be the unceasing business of life — the constant aspiration of the heart. Whatever may be our sphere of action, we all have our duties ; and our great aim should be, to perform them properly. Time is on the wing. Youth soon rises into manhood ; manhood is for a while buried in the midst of cares, pleasures, and anxieties, and then hastens onward toward his last resting place. Let us all, in view of ' Life's Evening,' and the solemnities which are associated with it, sincerely endeavor *to be*, as will *appear* to be, such as we *ought* to be. This is no time for deceiving others or ourselves. Let us not depend on the flattery of our epitaphs, inscribed by the hand of affection, and therefore deceptive and overdrawn ; nor let us repose our confidence in the comforting aphorism, that ' Death opens the gate of Fame, and shuts the gate of Envy after him.' Let us establish our own characters, as good and worthy, and deserve them. Let this be our earthly crown of rejoicing. A poet of feeling and sensibility has, in the two following lines, beautifully described the good man's exit :

'Night dews fall not more gently on the ground,
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft.'

Portland, (Maine,) June, 1838.

SENEX.

NIGHT.

THE earth and air are silent, the pure sky
Relieved alone by pale clouds floating by :
The summer moon, in her soft majesty,
Is pouring silver on the sleeping sea.
This is the hour when love, deceitful sprite,
Steals with his magic through the shades of night.
Giving, in lover's eyes, a holier smile
Unto the beams which kiss each leafy isle ;
Unto the firmament a softer mood ;
Unto the sea a deeper solitude.

Montreal.

A. A. M.

CLIMBING THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

BY THE ONLY SURVIVING WITNESS OF THAT EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.

I HAVE some reason to believe, that I am the only surviving witness of that most adventurous exploit of climbing the Natural Bridge in Virginia; and believing that the particulars ought to be put upon record, I have selected the KNICKERBOCKER as the medium. I have oftentimes, and for many years, withstood repeated solicitations to do this, for the following reasons, which I give, lest it might be supposed, by some suspicious persons, that I had waited for the death of the other alleged witnesses.

Immediately after the adventure had been accomplished, and while all the circumstances were fresh in my memory, I recorded them in a sort of journal, kept to record visitors' names, by poor Patrick Henry, a man of color, who kept the Bridge. This record was referred to by Patrick, whenever a visiter became inquisitive about the circumstances. Some believed my statement, and others disbelieved it; but by far the greater number disbelieved it, as he informed me. This was far from being pleasant, to one who had never had his veracity doubted before. But this was not all.

I happened to be at the Bridge, some time after the event, when a large company of respectable-looking ladies and gentlemen had just returned from under the Bridge, and were waiting dinner, like myself, at the house on the summit, to which I have alluded. The conversation, among this company, naturally turned upon *the* remarkable event, as it does to this day; and the book was referred to, as usual, for the particulars. I immediately gave Patrick the hint that I wished to remain *incog.*, in order that I might hear for myself the remarks upon my testimony. It is an old saying, that a listener never hears any good of himself, and so it turned out on this occasion. The company were unanimous in discrediting my testimony, ladies and all. Little did they imagine that the man himself was ensconced in a corner of the same room with themselves. I forthwith determined to volunteer no more testimony about things so out of the common current of events; at all events, I determined to hold my peace, until the public mind should settle down into the truth, as it generally does at last.

That time seems to have arrived. The public, without an exception, so far as I know, has yielded its credence to the united testimony of so many witnesses. Scarcely a periodical in the country, or a book of travels, but mentions the subject.

But there is another reason for coming forward at this time. Tradition has got hold of the story at the wrong end. In the very last number of your Magazine,* one of your contributors misrepresents the matter — unintentionally no doubt; and Miss Martineau, in her 'Retrospect of Western Travel,' undertakes to detail the whole affair, scarcely one circumstance of which she does correctly. Under

* See KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE, for May.

these circumstances, I think a discerning public will readily appreciate my true motives in coming out over my own signature : indeed unless I were to do so, it would be useless to say any thing at all.

I think it was in the summer of 1818, that James H. Piper, William Revely, William Wallace, and myself, being then students at Washington College, Virginia, determined to make a jaunt to the Natural Bridge, fourteen miles off. Having obtained permission from the president, we proceeded on our way rejoicing. When we arrived at the Bridge, nearly all of us commenced climbing up the precipitous sides, in order to immortalize our names, as usual.

We had not been long thus employed, before we were joined by Robert Penn, of Amherst, then a pupil of the Rev. Samuel Hous-ton's grammar school, in the immediate neighborhood of the Bridge. Mr. Piper, the hero of the occasion, commenced climbing on the opposite side of the creek from the one by which the pathway ascends the ravine. He began far down the banks of the brook ; so far, that we did not know where he had gone, and were only apprized of his whereabouts, by his shouting above our heads. When we looked up, he was standing apparently right under the arch, I suppose an hundred feet from the bottom, and that on the smooth side, which is generally considered inaccessible without a ladder. He was standing far above the spot where General Washington is said to have inscribed his name, when a youth.

The ledge of rock by which he ascended to this perilous height, does not appear from below to be three inches wide, and runs almost at right angles to the abutment of the Bridge ; of course, its termination is far down the cliff, on that side. Many of the written and traditional accounts state this to be the side of the Bridge up which he climbed. I believe Miss Martineau so states ; but it is altogether a mistake, as any one may see, by casting an eye up the precipice on that side. The story no doubt originated from this preliminary exploit.

The ledge of rock on which he was standing, appeared so narrow to us below, as to make us believe his position a very perilous one, and we earnestly entreated him to come down. He answered us with loud shouts of derision. At this stage of the business, Mr. Penn and servant left us. He would not have done so, I suppose, if he had known what was to follow ; but up to this time, not one of us had the slightest suspicion that Mr. Piper intended the daring exploit which he afterward accomplished. He soon after descended from that side, crossed the brook, and commenced climbing on the side by which all visitors ascend the ravine. He first mounted the rocks on this side, as he had done on the other — far down the abutment, but not so far as on the opposite side. The projecting ledge may be distinctly seen by any visitor. It commences four or five feet from the pathway, on the lower side, and winds round, gradually ascending, until it meets the cleft of rock over which the celebrated cedar stump hangs. Following this ledge to its termination, it brought him to about thirty or forty feet from the ground, and placed him between two deep fissures, one on each side of the gigantic column of rock on which the aforementioned cedar stump stands. This column stands out from the Bridge as separate and dis-

tinct as if placed there by nature on purpose for an observatory to the wonderful arch and ravine which it over looks. A huge crack or fissure extends from its base to its summit; indeed it is cracked on both sides, but much more perceptibly on one side than the other. Both these fissures are thickly overgrown with bushes, and numerous roots project into them from the trees growing on the precipice. It was between these, that the before-mentioned ledge conducted him. Here he stopped, pulled off his coat and shoes, and threw them down to me. And this, in my opinion, is a sufficient refutation of the story, so often told, that he went up to inscribe his name, and ascended so high that he found it more difficult to return than go forward. He could have returned easily from the point where he disencumbered himself, but the fact that he did thus prepare so early, and so near the ground, and after he had ascended more than double that height, on the other side, are clear proofs, that to inscribe his name was not, and to climb the bridge was, his object. He had already inscribed his name above Washington himself, more than fifty feet.

Around the face of this huge column, and between the clefts, he now moved, backward and forward, still ascending, as he found convenient foot hold. When he had ascended about one hundred and seventy feet from the earth, and had reached the point where the pillar overhangs the ravine, his heart seemed to fail him! He stopped, and seemed to us to be balancing midway between heaven and earth. We were in dread suspense, expecting every moment to see him dashed to atoms at our feet. We had already exhausted our powers of entreaty, in persuading him to return, but all to no purpose. Now, it was perilous even to speak to him, and very difficult to carry on conversation at all, from the immense height to which he had ascended, and the noise made by the bubbling of the little brook, as it tumbled in tiny cascades over its rocky bed, at our feet. At length he seemed to discover that one of the clefts before-mentioned retreated backward from the overhanging position of the pillar. Into this he sprang at once, and was soon out of sight and out of danger.

There is not a word of truth in all that story about our hauling him up with ropes, and his fainting away so soon as he landed on the summit. Those acquainted with the localities, will at once perceive its absurdity, for we were beneath the arch, and it is half a mile round to the top, and for the most part up a rugged mountain. Instead of fainting away, Mr. Piper proceeded at once down the hill to meet us, and obtain his hat and shoes. We met about half way, and there he laid down for a few moments, to recover himself from his fatigue.

We dined at the tavern of Mr. Donihoo, half way between the Bridge and Lexington, and there we related the whole matter at the dinner table. Mr. Donihoo has since removed to the St. Clair, in Michigan. Mr. Piper was preparing himself for the ministry, in the Presbyterian church, and the president of the college was his spiritual preceptor, as well as his teacher in college. Accordingly he called him up, next morning, to inquire into it, thinking, perhaps, that it was not a very proper exhibition for a student of theology.

The reverend president is still alive, and can corroborate my testimony. I mean the Rev. George A. Baxter, D. D., at present at the head of the Theological Seminary in Virginia. As to the other witnesses, Mr. Revely afterward became a member of the Legislature of Virginia, and somewhat distinguished, I believe, for a young man; but he unfortunately fell a victim to poison, as I have been informed. Mr. Wallace was then from Richmond, but a native of Scotland, whither he returned soon after. It strikes me that I once heard of his death, but of this I am not certain. He may be still alive, and able to substantiate my statement.

Mr. Piper himself afterward married a daughter of Gen. Alexander Smyth, of Wythe, and was soon after appointed principal of some academy in the West, which he abandoned, however, as he had done the ministry before. The last I heard of him, was during the last summer, when I saw his name registered at one of the Virginia springs. I was told he had become an engineer, and was then engaged in surveying a road between some two of the springs.

I have thus briefly and hastily related every thing about the exploit, which I have any reason to believe will be interesting to the public, either now or hereafter.

WILLIAM A. CARUTHERS.

LINES

ON BEING ASKED BY A LADY 'WHAT IS WIT?'

I.

WHAT 's wit? 'Tis strange that you should ask
That you possess, to know;
'Tis wisdom's arrow, barb'd by truth,
Launch'd from Apollo's bow.
Brief as the lightning, but the darts,
Like those your eyes surround,
Make e'en the pierced their brilliance own,
And half forgive the wound.

II.

To toil denied, or art, wit is
The immediate gift of heaven,
Like Pallas from the brain of Jove,
In perfect armor, riven.
It fastest binds the freest minds,
And willing slaves commands;
Can Argus' hundred eyes eclipse,
And chain Briareus' hands.

III.

Wit can, like Nile, the desert's dearth
With life and verdure grace;
While all the fertile grandeur own,
But none the source can trace.
'Tis the mind's beauty; but where both
Abound, who dares to teach
The unconscious fair what either is,
Will rue the force of each!

C.

THE CRUSADES.

BRIGHT rose the sun over the hills of Palestine, and never, since the world had birth, did it rise on a brighter or more inspiring scene. There, her gorgeous palaces and beautiful temples bathed in the sunlight of an eastern morn, rose Jerusalem!

'Her towers, her domes, her pinnacles, her walls,
Her glittering palaces, her splendid halls,
Showed in the lustrous air like some bright dream,
Wove by gay fancy from the morning beam.'

Jerusalem! What hallowed associations rush upon the mind at that name! Once, Queen of the East, and mistress of the world; unsurpassed in importance, and unrivalled in splendor; the home and pride of Judea's sons. Now, the jackall howls where her kings reigned, and the crumbled marble, once marking where her warriors slept, now mingles with the whirling sands of Arabia.

Roll back the tide of time! Retrace the scroll of history to that epoch when Europe sent forth her noblest and her best, to battle with the Saracen, to rescue the sepulchre of their Redeemer from defilement and disgrace.

Under the city's walls were encamped the Army of the Cross. Companions in former wars, and victors in former battles, they had come determined to accomplish their errand, or die in the attempt. There were the flower and boast of Europe's chivalry. Steel hauberk and coat of mail gleamed in the sunbeams, and the trumpet's note of defiance rang on the morning air, with the taunting clash of the Turkish cymbal. That pennon which had floated o'er the head of its gallant lord amid former conflicts of his house, now danced gaily to an Asiatic breeze. The emblem of an ancient line, it was not there to be dishonored; the cherished relic of past splendor its fair blazonry was not there to be stained or sullied.

Who would blame the enthusiasm which had thus led them forth to battle? Who can censure that piety which gave strength and sinew to their arms in the battle's shock, and was their last solace in the hour of danger and of death? Yet, there are those who call the age of chivalry an age of folly — who denounce the Crusades but as an act of madness. Madness and folly they may have been; unjust they certainly were; but who of us, had he lived in that day, would not have also bound the sacred emblem to his shoulder, and followed the crusading host to the holy land? The enthusiasm of the hermit of Amiens, the oratory of St. Bernard, and the commanding talents of Fulk, had successively been used to spur them on to action. The commands of the papal prelate were imperative, were not these enough to impel them to almost any deed. But the Saracen's insulting heel was on the very sepulchre of their Lord! The Turk's proud foot spurned the dust once pressed by the meek footsteps of Christ! Jerusalem was captive! Through her courts and palaces a Moslem strode in defiance, and reigned without rebuke! Were they Christians, and could they endure this? Were they knights, and could they brook it? Drawing the avenging steel, they swore never again to sheathe it, till their object was accomplished, or till

the last drop of their life's blood had ceased to circle round those hearts which beat only for their honor and their God.

But why seek to excuse the Crusades by the motives which led to them? It is their consequences that give them importance in history, and furnish ample apology for all their follies, if not for all their crimes. Apology!

‘Sleep, Richard of the lion heart,
Sleep on, nor from thy ceremonies start,’

at the wrong done thy memory and thy name. But the age of chivalry has passed, like a bright vision of the morning.

If we contemplate for a moment the dreary picture which the civilized world presented in the age of the Crusades, and compare it with the succeeding, we must allow that the political advantages resulting from them were such as Europe will never cease to feel, so long as her hills shall stand, or her name be known.

Torn by intestine feuds, the western world was at that time the scene of the most bloody and atrocious wars that ever disfigured the page of history. The order and beauty of the social compact, like that of the ocean lashed to fury by the rushing tempest, was lost in the wild vortex of raging passions and unbridled licentiousness. Law and right were neither respected nor obeyed. The sword was the only passport to greatness, and opened the only path to fortune and to honor. Human life was held but as the sport of any petty tyrant who chose to take it, and the frequent death-cry of the murdered rolled wildly up to an offended God.

Then came the Crusades. Glory, immortality, religion, all pointed with imploring finger to the scene of a Saviour's sufferings and death. Fame called upon her votaries to battle to the death with Paynim hosts; Religion upon hers to wipe for ever from the escutcheon of the Christian world, the deep, damning disgrace of allowing an unbelieving race to defile the land they loved, the sepulchre they adored. Then warring nations dropped their swords, and gave answer to the cry of vengeance. They came, the noble and the proud, the young and the old, rallying round the crimson standard. Unity of sentiment and community of interest have ever given birth to mutual kindness, and

‘All those courtesies that love to shoot
Round virtue's steps, the flowrets of her fruit.’

So was it then; and Europe, purified and enlightened from this and other causes flowing from it, woke from the lethargy which had so long bound her, and advanced rapidly toward that civilization and refinement which now ennoble and adorn her.

The effects of the Crusades upon literature, though not immediate, were no less salutary. Philosophers have moralized, scholars have wept, over the deplorable, the degrading ignorance of the tenth and eleventh centuries. Science slept. A death-like lethargy had come over her, which, like the sultry blast of an eastern noon, had palsied all her efforts, and withered all her energies. The spirit of poetry had long since fled. She seemed for ever to have forsaken those haunts she once loved so well, till the Troubadours, catching up

the lyre, then shattered by Time's careless hand, struck from its long mute strings those strains which roused nations to arms, and a world to madness. Never was music more magically eloquent. The lyre which thrilled beneath a Homer's touch, or the lapses of the cygnet song, might have been sweeter; they could not have been more inspiring. All Europe responded to the strains which swept over the land, and echoed through her old baronial halls.

Then commenced the restoration of letters in the West. The Troubadour's lay was but the prelude to the diviner strains of a Boccacio, a Petrarch, and a Dante. Song again revived, and from the blushing vine hills of France, from the castled crags of Scotland, from the wild glens of Switzerland, and the lovely vegas of romantic Spain, again ascended the poet's breathings, free as their mountain air. The very Crusades themselves, by furnishing the materials from which to weave the gorgeous fictions of the imagination, and by making the Crusaders acquainted with all the glowing imagery and fanciful decorations of oriental literature, gave an impulse to letters which will never cease to be felt, till man shall cease to appreciate and admire the beautiful and the sublime. Can it be, then, that the Crusades retarded the progress of literature? Rather, they cherished and promoted it, when the last flicker of the fire upon her altar had nearly expired, in sadness and in gloom.

Such were the holy wars, their causes, and their effects; and our feelings and sympathies cannot but be gratified at their final success.

It was sunset. The rich mellow light streamed in a thousand variegated hues over Olivet's green top, the holy city, and the Christian camp, till at last it met Bethsaida's wave, blushing and sparkling in its embrace. Not a ripple disturbed its mirrored stillness, save when the bright-plumed bird stooped to lave his wing, or taste its refreshing coolness. Above, was the deep blue sky, so bright and clear that fancy could almost soar to the regions of the blest — could almost catch the harmonies of heaven. All was calm and beautiful. Even the stern sentinel, pacing his lonely round, for a moment relaxed his iron brow, and stopped to gaze upon the surpassing loveliness of that hour. But a far brighter sight met *his* eye, as he gazed upward, and saw the consecrated folds of the sacred banner floating in triumph over the walls and battlements of Jerusalem. Yes, that day had seen the city theirs, and the knightly, the good, the gallant Godfrey, as he bent to kiss the tomb he had rescued, was seen to dash away a tear of mingled gratitude, penitence, and veneration, and then to lift his hands in mental adoration to that Being who is ever the same, whether amid the burning sands of Syria, or the icy regions of the Pole. Thus should heroes conquer. Thus did the crusaders. Blame not hastily their misdirected zeal. Censure not their holy enthusiasm. Profane not with sacrilegious touch the moss-grown tombs where their ashes sleep. Their faults were the faults of their age — their virtues all their own.

D. B. K.

MY MOTHER.

‘Blest mother! I remember thee!’

Blest mother! I remember thee, from early childhood’s hour,
When first my heart awoke to feel maternal love’s deep power;
When not a transient tear could dim the smile of infant bliss,
That was not dried beneath the warmth of a mother’s fervent kiss.

Ah! yet the prayer I learned to lisp at twilight by thy knee,
Is clear upon the deep-wrought page of hallowed memory!
And those soft tones that rose to heaven from out thy swelling breast,
They seem to sound upon my ear, though thou art gone to rest.

Blest mother! I remember thee, from youth’s fresh, buoyant day;
A star thou wert to guide my feet, of pure and constant ray:
Thy love possessed a charm beyond the light of pleasure’s beams,
And ’t was thy counsel that forbade my trust in earthly dreams.

And I remember a soft hand, that smoothed my aching head,
A tearful, guardian eye, that watched beside my curtained bed;
The careful step, the soothing draught thy kindness had prepared,
And all the tokens of that love thy orphan child once shared.

Blest mother! I remember thee, as guide, companion, friend!
When years mature had taught my heart life’s blessings and their end;
When I had learned to share thy griefs, to shed the tear for thee,
Who in my wayward days had turned to pray and weep for me.

’T was mine to cheer thy widowed heart with all a daughter’s love,
And lift thy sinking spirit up to brighter scenes above;
To scatter in thy lonely path the flowers which kindness weaves,
And bind around thy temples fair affection’s myrtle leaves.

Blest mother! I remember thee, (alas! how sad the spot
On memory’s page, which even now the tear of grief must blot!)
When first the blight of fell disease passed o’er thy constant heart,
And on thy brow, with death’s pale hand, ’t was written, ‘We must part!’

But not a murmur mingled then with faith’s assurance given,
And not a fear passed with thee through the darksome vale to heaven;
No! God’s own rod and staff were there, nor could I wish thy stay,
When angels beckoned thee from earth and all its ills away.

Blest mother! I remember thee, when on thy sable bier,
And followed by an orphan train, which stranger hands must rear;
When laid within thy narrow bed, where now the green turf grows,
While we were left alone to stem the tide of human woes.

Yet not *alone*, for One there is, our Father in the sky,
Who stoops to make our cause his own, who listens to our cry;
Upon his arm our strength was stayed, his hand hath been our guide,
And He who gives the ravens food, for us will still provide.

Blest mother! now I think of thee, as one amid that throng
Who chant before the throne of God their ‘everlasting song’;
In midnight dreams thy angel form around my couch appears,
And oft thy hand seems stretched again, to wipe away my tears.

When gazing at the shining stars, their fixed and holy light
Recalls thine own unwavering faith, and thy example bright;
And in the firmament of heaven, a star thou ’lt ever shine,
With beams more beautiful and bright — a lustre all divine.

LETTERS

OF LUCIUS M. PISO, FROM ROME, TO FAUSTA, THE DAUGHTER OF GRACCHUS, AT PALMYRA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE PALMYRA LETTERS.'

LETTER FOUR.

I PROMISED you, Fausta, before the news should reach you in any other way, to relate the occurrences and describe the ceremonies of the day appointed for the dedication of the new Temple of the Sun. The day has now passed, not without incidents of even painful interest to ourselves, and therefore to you, and I sit down to fulfil my engagements.

Vast preparations had been making for the dedication, for many days or even months preceding, and the day arose upon a city full of expectation of the shows, ceremonies, and games, that were to reward their long and patient waiting. For the season of the year, the day was hot, unnaturally so; and the sky filled with those massive clouds, piled like mountains of snow one upon another, which, while they both please the eye by their forms, and veil the fierce splendors of the sun, as they now and then sail across his face, at the same time portend wind and storm. All Rome was early astir. It was ushered in by the criers traversing the streets, and proclaiming the rites and spectacles of the day, what they were, and where to be witnessed, followed by troops of boys, imitating in their grotesque way the pompous declarations of the men of authority, not unfrequently drawing down upon their heads the curses and the batons of the insulted dignitaries. A troop of this sort passed the windows of the room in which Julia and I were sitting at our morning meal. As the crier ended his proclamation, and the shouts of the applauding urchins died away, Milo, who is our attendant in preference to any other and all others, observed,

'That the fellow of a crier deserved to have his head beat about with his own rod, for coming round with his news not till after the greatest show of the day was over.'

'What mean you?' I asked. 'Explain.'

'What should I mean,' he replied, 'but the morning sacrifice at the temple.'

'And what so wonderful,' said Julia, 'in a morning sacrifice? The temples are open every morning, are they not?'

'Yes, truly are they,' rejoined Milo; 'but not for so great a purpose. Curio wished me to have been there, and says nothing could have been more propitious. They died as the gods love to have them.'

'Was there no bellowing nor struggling, then?' said Julia.

'Neither, Curio assures me; but they met the knife of the priest as they would the sword of an enemy on the field of battle.'

'How say you?' said Julia, quickly, turning pale; 'do I hear aright, Milo, or are you mocking? God forbid that you should speak of a human sacrifice!'

'It is even so, mistress. And why should it not be so? If the favor of the gods, upon whom we all depend, as the priests tell us, is to be purchased so well in no other way, what is the life of one man or of many in such a cause? The great Gallienus, when his life had been less ordered than usual, after the rules of temperance and religion, used to make amends by a few captives slain to Jupiter; to which, doubtless, may be ascribed his prosperous reign. But, as I was saying, there was, as Curio informed me, at the market, not long afterwards, a sacrifice, on the private altar of the temple, of ten captives. Their blood flowed just as the great god of the temple showed himself in the horizon. It would have done you good, Curio said, to see with what a hearty and dexterous zeal Fronto struck the knife into their hearts—for to no inferior minister would he delegate the sacred office.'

'Lucius,' cried Julia, 'I thought that such offerings were now no more. Is it so, that superstition yet delights itself in the blood of murdered men?'

'It is just so,' I was obliged to reply. 'With a people naturally more gentle and humane than we of Rome, this custom would long ago have fallen into disuse. They would have easily found a way, as all people do, to conform their religious doctrine and offerings to their feelings and instincts. But the Romans, by nature and long training, lovers of blood, their country built upon the ruins of others and cemented with blood—the taste for it is not easily eradicated. There are temples where human sacrifices have never ceased. Laws have restrained their frequency—have forbidden them under heaviest penalties unless permitted by the state—but these laws ever have been, and are now evaded; and it is the settled purpose of Fronto and others of his stamp to restore to them their lost honors, and make them again, as they used to be, the chief rite in the worship of the gods. I am not sorry, Julia, that your doubts, though so painfully, have yet been so effectually removed.'

Julia had for some time blamed as over-ardent the zeal of the Christians. She had thought that the evil of the existing superstitions was over-estimated, and that it were wiser to pursue a course of more moderation; that a system that nourished such virtues as she found in Portia, in Tacitus, and others like them, could not be so corrupting in its power as the Christians were in the habit of representing it; that if we could succeed in substituting Christianity quietly, without alienating the affections or shocking too violently the prejudices of the believers in the prevailing superstitions, our gain would be double. To this mode of arguing I knew she was impelled by her love and almost reverence of Portia; and how could I blame it, springing from such a cause? I had, almost criminally, allowed her to blind herself in a way she never would have done had her strong mind acted, as on other subjects, untrammelled and free. I was not sorry that Milo had brought before her mind a fact which, however revolting in its horror to such a nature as hers, could not but heal while it wounded.

'Milo,' said Julia, as I ended, 'say now that you have been jesting; that this is a piece of wit with which you would begin in a suitable way an extraordinary day; this is one of your Gallienus fictions.'

'Before the gods, if never before,' replied Milo, 'I have told you the naked truth. But not the whole — for Curio left me not till he had shown how each had died. Of the ten, but three, he averred, resisted, or died unwillingly. The three were Germans from beyond the Danube — brothers, he said, who had long lain in prison till their bones were ready to start through the skin. Yet were they not ready to die. It seemed as if there was something they longed — more even than for life or freedom — to say; but they might as well have been dumb and tongueless, for none understood their barbarous jargon. When they found that their words were in vain, they wrung their hands in their wo, and cried out aloud in their agony. Then, however, at the stern voice of Fronto warning them of the hour, they ceased — embraced each other, and received the fatal blow; the others signified their pleasure at dying so rather than to be thrown to wild beasts or left to die by slow degrees within their dungeon's walls. Two rejoiced that it was their fate to pour out their blood upon the altar of a god, and knelt devoutly before the uplifted knife of Fronto. Never, said Curio, was there a more fortunate offering. Aurelian heard the report of it with lively joy, and said that 'now all would go well.' Curio is a good friend of mine; will it please you to hear these things from his own lips?'

'No,' said Julia; 'I would hear no more. I have heard more than enough. How needful, Lucius, if these things are so, that our Christian zeal abate not! I see that this stern and bloody superstition requires that they who would deal with it must carry their lives in their hand, ready to part with nothing so easily, if by so doing they can hew away one of the branches or tear up one of the roots of this ancient and pernicious error. I blame not Probus longer — no, nor the wild rage of Macer.'

'Two, lady, of the captives were of Palmyra; the queen's name and yours were last upon their lips.'

'Great God! how retribution, like a dark pursuing shadow, hangs upon the steps of guilt. Even here it seeks us. Alas, my mother! Heaven grant that these things fall not upon your ears!'

Julia was greatly moved, and sat a long time silent, her face buried in her hands, and weeping. I motioned to Milo to withdraw and say no more. Upon Julia, although so innocent of all wrong — guiltless as an infant of the blame, whatever it may be, which the world fixes upon Zenobia — yet upon her as heavily as upon her great mother fall the sorrows which sooner or later overtake those who for any purpose, in whatever degree selfish, have involved their fellow creatures in useless suffering. Being part of the royal house, Julia feels that she must bear her portion of its burdens. Time alone can cure this grief.

But you are waiting with a woman's impatient curiosity to hear of the dedication.

At the appointed hour we were at the palace of Aurelian on the Palatine, where a procession, pompous as art and rank and numbers could make it, was formed, to move thence by a winding and distant route to the temple near the foot of the Quirinal. Julia repaired with Portia to a place of observation near the temple — I to the palace to join the company of the emperor. Of the gorgeous magnificence of

the procession I shall tell you nothing. It was in extent and variety of pomp and costliness of decoration, a copy of that of the late triumph, and went even beyond the captivating splendor of the example. Roman music — which is not that of Palmyra — lent such charms as it could to our passage through the streets to the temple, from a thousand performers.

As we drew near to the lofty fabric, I thought that no scene of such various beauty and magnificence had ever met my eye. The temple itself is a work of unrivalled art. In size it surpasses any other building of the same kind in Rome, and for the excellence of workmanship and purity of design, although it may fall below the standard of Hadrian's age, yet for a certain air of grandeur and luxuriance of invention in its details, and lavish profusion of embellishment in gold and silver, no temple nor other edifice of any preceding age ever perhaps resembled it. Its order is the Corinthian, of the Roman form, and the entire building is surrounded by its slender columns, each composed of a single piece of marble. Upon the front is wrought Apollo surrounded by the Hours. The western extremity is approached by a flight of steps of the same breadth as the temple itself. At the eastern there extends beyond the walls to a distance equal to the length of the building a marble platform, upon which stands the altar of sacrifice, and which is ascended by various flights of steps, some little more than a gently rising plain, up which the beasts are led that are destined for the altar.

When this vast extent of wall and column of the most dazzling brightness came into view, every where covered, together with the surrounding temples, palaces and theatres, with a dense mass of human beings, of all climes and regions, dressed out in their richest attire — music from innumerable instruments filling the heavens with harmony — shouts of the proud and excited populace every few moments and from different points, as Aurelian advanced, shaking the air with its thrilling din — the neighing of horses, the frequent blasts of the trumpet — the whole made more solemnly imposing by the vast masses of cloud which swept over the sky, now suddenly unveiling and again eclipsing the sun, the great god of this idolatry, and from which few could withdraw their gaze ; — when at once this all broke upon my eye and ear, I was like a child who before had never seen aught but his own village and his own rural temple, in the effect wrought upon me, and the passiveness with which I abandoned myself to the sway of the senses. Not one there was more ravished by the outward circumstance and show. I thought of Rome's thousand years, of her power, her greatness and universal empire, and for a moment my step was not less proud than that of Aurelian. But after that moment — when the senses had had their fill, when the eye had seen the glory, and the ear had fed upon the harmony and the praise, then I thought and felt very differently ; sorrow and compassion for these gay multitudes were at my heart ; prophetic forebodings of disaster, danger, and ruin to those to whose sacred cause I had linked myself, made my tongue to falter in its speech, and my limbs to tremble. I thought that the superstition that was upheld by the wealth and the power, whose manifestations were before me, had its roots in the very centre of the earth — far too deep down for a few

like myself ever to reach them. I was like one whose last hope of life and escape is suddenly struck away.

I was roused from these meditations by our arrival at the eastern front of the temple. Between the two central columns, on a throne of gold and ivory, sat the emperor of the world, surrounded by the senate, the colleges of augurs and haruspices, and by the priests of the various temples of the capital, in all their peculiar costume. Then Fronto, the priest of the temple, when the crier had proclaimed that the hour of worship and sacrifice had come, and had commanded silence to be observed — standing at the altar, glittering in his white and golden robes like a messenger of light — bared his head, and lifting his face up toward the sun, offered in clear and sounding tones the prayer of dedication. As he came toward the close of his prayer, he, as is so usual, with loud and almost frantic cries and importunate repetition, called upon the god to hear him, and then with appropriate names and praises invoked the Father of gods and men to be present and hear. Just as he had thus solemnly invoked Jupiter by name, and was about to call upon other gods in the same manner, the clouds, which had been deepening, and darkening, suddenly obscured the sun; a distant peal of thunder rolled along the heavens, and at the same moment from the dark recesses of the temple a voice of preternatural power came forth, proclaiming so that the whole multitude heard the words, 'God is but one; the king eternal, immortal, invisible.' It is impossible to describe the horror that seized those multitudes. Many cried out with fear, and each seemed to shrink behind the other. Paleness sat upon every face. The priest paused as if struck by a power from above. Even the brazen Fronto was appalled. Aurelian leaped from his seat, and by his countenance, white and awe-struck, showed that to him it came as a voice from the gods. He spoke not, but stood gazing at the dark entrance into the temple from which the sound had come. Fronto hastily approached him, and whispering but one word as it were into his ear, the emperor started; the spell that bound him was dissolved; and recovering himself — making indeed as though a very different feeling had possessed him — cried out in fierce tones to his guards,

'Search the temple; some miscreant hid away among the columns profanes thus the worship and the place. Seize him and drag him forth to instant death!'

The guards of the emperor and the servants of the temple rushed in at that bidding, and searched in every part the interior of the building. They soon emerged, saying that the search was fruitless. The temple in all its aisles and apartments was empty.

The ceremonies, quiet being again restored, then went on. Twelve bulls, of purest white and of perfect forms, their horns bound about with fillets, were now led by the servants of the temple up the marble steps to the front of the altar, where stood the cultrarii and haruspices, ready to slay them and examine their entrails. The omens, as gathered by the eyes of all from the fierce strugglings and bellowings of the animals as they were led toward the place of sacrifice — some even escaping from the hands of those who had the management of them — and from the violent and convulsive throes of others

as the blow fell upon their heads, or the knife severed their throats, were of the darkest character, and brought a deep gloom upon the brow of the emperor. The report of the haruspices upon examination of the entrails was little calculated to remove that gloom. It was for the most part unfavorable. Especially appalling was the sight of a heart so lean and withered that it scarce seemed possible it should ever have formed a part of a living animal. But more harrowing than all was the voice of Fronto, who prying with the haruspices into the smoking carcass of one of the slaughtered bulls, suddenly cried out with horror that 'no heart was to be found.'

The emperor, hardly to be restrained by those near him from some expression of anger, ordered a more diligent search to be made.

'It is not in nature that such a thing should be,' he said. 'Men are, in truth, sometimes without hearts; but brutes, as I think, never.'

The report was however, confidently confirmed. Fronto himself approached, and said that his eye had from the first been upon the beast, and the exact truth had been stated.

The carcasses, such parts as were for the flames, were then laid upon the vast altar, and the flames of the sacrifice ascended.

The heavens were again obscured by thick clouds, which accumulating into dark masses began now nearer and nearer to shoot forth lightning and roll their thunders. The priest commenced the last office, prayer to the god to whom the new temple had been thus solemnly consecrated. He again bowed his head, and again lifted up his voice. But no sooner had he invoked the god of the temple and besought his ear, than again from its dark interior, the same awful sounds issued forth, this time saying, 'Thy gods, O Rome, are false and lying gods. God is but one.'

Aurelian, pale as it seemed to me with superstitious fear, strove to shake it off, giving it artfully and with violence the appearance of offended dignity. His voice was a shriek rather than a human utterance, as he cried out:

'This is but a Christian device; search the temple till the accursed Nazarene be found, and hew him piece-meal —' More he would have said, but at the instant a bolt of lightning shot from the heavens, and lighting upon a large sycamore which shaded a part of the temple court, clove it in twain. The swollen cloud at the same moment burst, and a deluge of rain poured upon the city, the temple, the gazing multitudes, and the just kindled altars. The sacred fires went out in hissing and darkness; a tempest of wind whirled the limbs of the slaughtered victims into the air, and abroad over the neighboring streets. All was confusion, uproar, terror and dismay. The crowds sought safety in the houses of the nearest inhabitants, and the porches and of the palaces. Aurelian and the senators, and those nearest him, fled to the interior of the temple. The heavens blazed with the quick flashing of the lightning, and the temple itself seemed to rock beneath the voice of the thunder. I never knew in Rome so terrific a tempest. The stoutest trembled, for life hung by a thread. Great numbers, it has now been found, in every part of the capitol, fell a prey to the fiery bolts. The capitol itself was

struck, and the brass statue of Vespasian in the forum thrown down and partly melted. The Tiber in a few hours overran its banks, and laid much of the city on its borders under water.

But ere long the storm was over. The retreating clouds, but still sullenly muttering in the distance as they rolled away, were gaily lighted up by the sun, which again shone forth in his splendor. The scattered limbs of the victims were collected and again laid upon the altar. Dry wood being brought, the flames quickly shot upward and consumed to the last joint and bone the sacred offerings. Fronto once more stood before the altar, and now uninterrupted performed the last office of the ceremony. Then around the tables spread within the temple to the honor of the gods, feasting upon the luxuries contributed by every quarter of the earth, and filling high with wine, the adverse omens of the day were by most forgotten. But not by Aurelian. No smile was seen to light up his dark countenance. The jests of Varus, and the wisdom of Porphyrius alike failed to reach him. Wrapped up in his own thoughts, he brooded gloomily over what had happened, and strove to read the interpretation of portents so unusual and alarming.

I went not in to the feast, but returned home, reflecting as I went upon the events I had witnessed. I knew not what to think. That in times past, long after the departure from the earth of Jesus and his immediate followers, the Deity had interposed in seasons of peculiar perplexity to the church, and in a way to be observed had manifested his power, I did not doubt. But for a long time such revelations had wholly ceased. And I could not see any such features in the present juncture, as would, to speak as a man, justify and vindicate a departure from the ordinary methods of the Divine Providence. But then, on the other hand, I could not otherwise account for the voice, nor discover any way in which, had one been so disposed, he could so successfully and securely have accomplished his work. Revolving these things, and perplexed by doubts, I reached the Cœlian — when, as I entered my dwelling, I found to my great satisfaction, Probus seated with Julia, who, at an early period foreseeing the tempest, had with Portia withdrawn to the security of her own roof.

‘I am glad you are come at length,’ said Julia as I entered; ‘our friend has scarce spoken. I should think, did I not know the contrary, that he had suddenly abandoned the service of truth, and become a disciple of Novatus. He hath done little but groan and sigh.’

‘Surely,’ I replied, ‘the occasion warrants both sighs and groans. But when came you from the temple?’

‘On the appearance of the storm, just as Fronto approached the altar the first time. The signs were not to be mistaken by any who were not so much engrossed by the scene as to be insensible to all else, that a tempest was in the sky, and would soon break upon the crowds in a deluge of rain and hail — as has happened. So that warning Portia of the danger, we early retreated — she with reluctance — but for myself I was glad to be driven away from a scene that brought so vividly before me the events of the early morning.’

‘I am glad it was so,’ I replied; ‘you would have been more se-

verely tried, had you remained.' And I then gave an account of the occurrences of the day.

'I know not what to make of it,' she said as I ended. 'Probus, teach us what to think. I am bewildered and amazed.'

'Lady,' said Probus, 'the Christian service is a hard one.'

'I have not found it so, thus far, but on the other hand a light and easy one.'

'But the way is not ever so smooth, and the path once entered upon, there is no retreat.'

'No roughness nor peril, Probus, be they what they may, can ever shake me. It is for eternity I have embraced this faith, not for time — for my soul, not for my body.'

'God be thanked that it is so. But the evils and sorrows that time has in store, and which afflict the body, are not slight. And sometimes they burst forth from the overburdened clouds in terrific violence, and poor human strength sinks and trembles, as to-day before the conflict of the elements.'

'They would find me strong in spirit and purpose, I am sure, Probus, however my woman's frame of flesh might yield. No fear can change my mind, nor tear me from the hopes which through Christ I cherish more, a thousand fold, than this life of an hour.'

'Why, why is it so ordained in the Providence of God,' said Probus, 'that truth must needs be watered with tears and blood, ere it will grow and bear fruit? When as now the sky is dark and threatening, and the mind is thronged with fearful anticipations of the sorrows that await those who hold this faith, how can I with a human heart within me labor to convert the unbelieving? The words falter upon my tongue. I turn from the young inquirer, and with some poor reason put him off to another season. When I preach, it is with a coldness that must repel, and it is that which I almost desire to be the effect. My prayers never reach heaven nor the consciences of those who hear. Probus, they say, is growing worldly. His heart burns no longer within him. His zeal is cold. We must look to Macer. I fear, lady, that the reproaches are well deserved. Not that I am growing worldly or cold, but that my human affections lead me away from duty, and make me a traitor to truth and my master.'

'O no, Probus,' said Julia; 'these are charges foolish and false. There is not a Christian in Rome but would say so. We all rest upon you.'

'Then upon what a broken reed! I am glad it was not I who made you a Christian.'

'Do you grieve to have been a benefactor? a redeemer? a saviour?'

'Almost when I see the evils which are to overwhelm the believer. I look around upon my little flock of hearers, and I seem to see them led as lambs to the slaughter — poor, defenceless creatures, set upon by worse than lions and wolves. And you, lady of Piso, how can I sincerely rejoice that you have added your great name to our humble roll, when I think of what may await you. Is that form to be dragged with violence amid the hootings of the populace, to the tri-

bunal of the beast Varus? Are those limbs for the rack or the fire?

'I trust in God they are not, Probus. But if they are needed, they are little to give for that which has made me so rich and given wings to the soul. I can spare the body, now the soul can live without it.'

'There spoke the universal Christian! What but truth could so change our poor human nature into somewhat quite divine and god-like! Think not I shrink myself at the prospect of obstruction and assault. I am a man loose upon the world, weaned by suffering and misfortune from earth, and ready at any hour to depart from it. You know my early story. But I in vain seek to steel myself to the pains of others. I can bear, but I cannot behold. But from what I have said, I fear lest you should think me over apprehensive. I wish it were so. But all seems at this moment to be against us.'

'More then,' said Julia, 'must have come to your ears than to ours. When last we sat with the emperor at his table, he seemed well inclined. And when urged by Fronto, rebuked him even with violence.'

'Yes, it was so.'

'Is it then from the scenes of to-day at the temple that you draw fresh omens of misfortune? I have asked you what we should think of them.'

'I almost tremble to say. I stood, Piso, not far from you, upon the lower flight of steps, where I think you observed me.'

'I did. And at the sound of that voice from the temple, methought your face was paler than Aurelian's. Why was that?'

'Because, Piso, I knew the voice.'

'Knew it! What mean you?'

'Repeat it not — let it seek into your ear and there abide. It was Macer's.'

'Macer's? Surely you jest.'

'Alas! I wish it were a jest. But his tones were no more to be mistaken than were the thunder's.'

'This, should it be known, would, it is plain to see, greatly exasperate Aurelian. It would be more than enough for Fronto to work his worst ends with. His suspicions at once fell upon the Christians.'

'That,' said Probus, 'was, I am confident, an artifice. The countenance struck with superstitious horror, is not to be read amiss. Seen though but for a moment, and the signature is upon it, one and unequivocal. But with quick instinct the wily priest saw his advantage, seized it, and, whether believing or not himself, succeeded in poisoning the mind of Aurelian and that of the multitude.' So great was the commotion among the populace, that, but for the tempest, I believe scarce would the legions of the emperor have saved us from slaughter upon the spot. Honest, misguided Macer — little dost thou know how deep a wound thou hast struck into the very dearest life of the truth for which thou wouldst yet at any moment thyself freely suffer and die!'

'What,' said Julia, 'could have moved him to such madness?'

'With him,' replied Probus, 'it was a deed of piety and genuine zeal for God; he saw it in the light of an act god-like and god-direct-

ed. Could you read his heart, you would find it calm and serene in the consciousness of a great duty greatly performed. It is very possible he may have felt himself to be but an instrument in the hand of a higher power, to whom he gives all the glory and the praise. There are many like him, lady, both among Christians and Pagans. The sybils impose not so much upon others as upon themselves. They who give forth the responses of the oracle, oft-times believe that they are in very truth full of the god, and speak not their own thoughts, but the inspirations of him whose priests they are. To themselves more than to others are they impostors. The conceit of the peculiar favor of God or of the gods, in return for extraordinary devotion, is a weakness that besets our nature wherever it is found. An apostle perhaps never believed in his inspiration more firmly than at times does Macer, and others among us like him. But this inward solitary persuasion we know is nothing, however it may carry away captive the indiscriminating multitude.'

'Hence, Probus, then I suppose the need of some outward act of an extraordinary nature to show the inspiration real.'

'Yes,' he replied. 'No assertion of divine impulses or revelations can avail to persuade us of their reality, except supported and confirmed by miracle. That, and that only, proves the present God. Christ would have died without followers had he exhibited to the world only his character and his truth, even though he had claimed, and claimed truly, a descent from and communion with the Deity. Men would have said, 'This is an old and common story. We see every day and every where those who affect divine aid. No act is so easy as to deceive one's self. If you propose a spiritual moral system and claim for it a divine authority, show your authority by a divine work, a work impossible to man, and we will then admit your claims. But your own inward convictions alone, sincere as they may be and possibly founded in truth, pass with us for nothing. Raise one that was dead to life, and we will believe you when you reveal to us the spiritual world and the life to come.'

'I think,' said Julia, 'such would be the process in my own mind. There seems the same natural and necessary connection here between spiritual truths and outward acts, as between the forms of letters or the sound of words, and ideas. We receive the most subtle of Plato's reasonings through words—those miracles of material help—which address themselves to the eye or ear. So we receive the truths of Jesus through the eye witnessing his works, or the ear hearing the voice from Heaven. But we wander from Macer, in whom, from what you have told us and Piso has known, we both feel deeply interested. Can he not be drawn away from these fancies which possess him? 'T is a pity we should lose so strong an advocate, to some minds so resistless, nor only that, but suffer injury from his extravagance.'

'It is our purpose,' I replied, 'to visit him to try what effect earnest remonstrance and appeal may have. Soon as I shall return from my promised and now necessary visit to Marcus and Lucilia, I shall not fail, Probus, to request you to accompany me to his dwelling.'

'Does he dwell far from us?' asked Julia.

‘His house, if house it may be called,’ replied Probus, ‘is in a narrow street, which runs just behind the shop of Demetrius, midway between the Capitol and the Quirinal. It is easily found by first passing the shop and then descending quick to the left — the street Janus, our friend Isaac’s street, turning off at the same point to the right. At Macer’s, should your feet ever be drawn that way, you would see how and in what crowded space the poor live in Rome.’

‘Has he then a family, as your words seem to imply?’

‘He has; and one more lovely dwells not within the walls of Rome. In his wife and elder children, as I have informed Piso, we shall find warm and eloquent advocates on our side. They tremble for their husband and father, whom they reverence and love, knowing his impetuosity, his fearlessness and his zeal. Many an assault has he already brought upon himself, and is destined I fear to draw down many more and heavier.’

‘Heaven shield them all from harm,’ said Julia. ‘Are they known to Demetrius? His is a benevolent heart, and he would rejoice to do them a service. No one is better known too or respected than the Roman Demetrius: his name merely would be a protection’

‘It was from Macer,’ replied Probus, ‘that Demetrius first heard the truth which now holds him captive. Their near neighborhood brought them often together. Demetrius was impressed by the ardor and evident sincerity so visible in the conversation and manners of Macer; and Macer was drawn toward Demetrius by the cast of melancholy — that sober, thoughtful air — that separates him so from his mercurial brother, and indeed from all. He wished he were a Christian. And by happy accidents being thrown together — or rather drawn by some secret bond of attraction — he in no long time had the happiness to see him one. From the hand of Felix he received the waters of baptism.’

‘What you have said, Probus, gives me great pleasure. I am not only now sure that Macer and his little tribe have a friend at hand, but the knowledge that such a mind as that of Demetrius has been wrought upon by Macer, has served to raise him in my esteem and respect. He can be no common man, and surely no madman.’

‘The world ever loves to charge those as mad,’ said Probus, ‘who in devotion to a great cause exceed its cold standard of moderation. Singular, that excess in virtue should incur this reproach, while excess in vice is held but as a weakness of our nature!’

We were here interrupted by Milo, who came to conduct us to the supper room; and there our friendly talk was prolonged far into the evening.

When I next write I shall have somewhat to say of Marcus Lucilia and the little Gallus. How noble and generous in the queen, her magnificent gift! When summer comes round again I shall not fail, together with Julia, to see you there. How many recollections will come thronging upon me when I shall again find myself in the court of the Elephant sitting where I once sat so often and listened to the voice of Longinus. May you see there many happy years. Farewell.

Nothing could exceed the sensation caused in Rome by the voice heard at the dedication, and among the adherents of the popular faith, by the unlucky omens of the day and of the sacrifice. My office at that time called me often to the capital, and the palace of Aurelian, and threw me frequently into his company and that of Livia. My presence was little heeded by the emperor, who, of a bold and manly temper, spoke out with little reserve and with no disguise or fear, whatever sentiments possessed him. From such opportunities and from communications of Menestheus, the secretary of Aurelian, little took place at the palace which came not to my knowledge. The morning succeeding the dedication I had come to the city bringing a packet from the queen to the empress Livia. While I waited in the common reception room of the palace, I took from a case standing there, a roll and read. As I read, I presently was roused by the sound of Aurelian's voice. It was as if engaged in earnest conversation. He soon entered the apartment accompanied by the priest of the new temple.

'There is something,' he said as he drew near, 'in this combination of unlucky signs that might appal a stouter spirit than mine. This too, after a munificence toward not one only but all the temples, never I am sure surpassed. Every god has been propitiated by gifts and appropriate rites. How can all this be interpreted other than most darkly — other than as a general hostility — and a discouragement from an enterprise upon which I would found my glory. This has come most unlooked for. I confess myself perplexed. I have openly proclaimed my purpose — the word has gone abroad and travelled by this to the court of Persia itself, that with all Rome at my back I am once more to tempt the deserts of the East.'

He here suddenly paused, being reminded by Fronto of my presence.

'Ah, it matters not,' he said; 'this is but Nichomachus, the good servant of the Queen of Palmyra. I hope,' he said turning to me, 'that the queen is well and the young Faustula?'

'They are well,' I replied.

'How agree with her these cooler airs of the west? These are not the breezes of Arabia, that come to-day from the mountains.'

'She heeds them little,' I replied; 'her thoughts are engrossed by heavier cares.'

'They must be fewer now than ever.'

'They are fewer, but they are heavier and weigh upon her life more than the whole East once did. The remembrance of a single great disaster weighs as a heavier burden than the successful management of an empire.'

'True, Nichomachus, that is over true.' Then without further regarding me he went on with his conversation with Fronto.

'I cannot,' he said, 'now go back; and to go forward may be presumptuous.'

'I cannot but believe, great emperor,' said Fronto, 'that I have it in my power to resolve your doubts, and set your mind at ease.'

‘Rest not then,’ said Aurelian with impatience — ‘but say on.’

‘You sought the gods and read the omens with but one prayer and thought. And you have construed them as all bearing upon one point and having one significancy — because you have looked in no other direction. I believe they bear upon a different point, and that when you look behind and before, you will be of the same judgment.’

‘Whither tends all this?’

‘To this — that the omens of the day bear not upon your eastern expedition, but upon the new religion! You are warned as the great high priest, by these signs in heaven and on earth — not against this projected expedition, which is an act of piety, if a warlike expedition ever may be termed so — but against this accursed superstition which is working its way into the empire and threatening the extermination and overthrow of the very altars on which you laid your costly offerings. What concern can the divinities feel in the array of an army compared with that which must agitate their sacred breasts as they behold their altars cast down or forsaken, their names profaned, their very being denied, their worshippers drawn from them to the secret midnight orgies of a tribe of Atheists, whose aim is anarchy in the state and in religion; owning neither king on earth nor king in heaven — every man to be his own priest — every man his own master! Is not this the likeliest reading of the omens?’

‘I confess, Fronto,’ the emperor replied, the cloud upon his brow clearing away as he spoke, ‘that what you say possesses likelihood. I believe I have interpreted according to my fears. It is as you say; the East only has been in my thoughts. It cannot in reason be thought to be this enterprise, which as you have said is an act of piety, all Rome would judge it so — against which the heavens have thus arrayed themselves. Fronto! Fronto! I am another man! Slave,’ cried he aloud to one of the menials as he passed, ‘let Mucapor be instantly summoned. Let there be no delay. Now can my affairs be set on with something more of speed. When the gods smile mountains sink to mole-hills. A divine energy runs in the current of the blood and lends more than mortal force to the arm and the will.’

As he spoke, never did so malignant a joy light up the human countenance as was to be seen in the face of Fronto.

‘And what then,’ he hastily put in as the emperor paused, ‘what shall be done with these profane wretches?’

‘The Christians! They must be seen to. I will consider. Now, Fronto, shall I fill to the brim the cup of human glory. Now shall Rome by me vindicate her lost honor and wipe off the foulest stain that since the time of Romulus has darkened her annals.’

‘You will do yourself and the empire immortal honor. If danger ever threatened the very existence of the state, it is now from the secret machinations of this god-denying tribe.’

‘I spake of the East and of Valerian, Fronto. Syria is now Rome’s. Palmyra, that mushroom of a day, is level with the ground. Her life is out. She will be hereafter known but by the fame of her past greatness, of her matchless queen, and the glory of the victories that crowned the arms of Aurelian. What now remains but Persia?’

'The Christians,' said the priest, shortly and bitterly.

'You are right, Fronto; the omens are not to be read otherwise. It is against them they point. It shall be maturely weighed what shall be done. When Persia is swept from the field and Ctesiphon lies as low as Palmyra, then will I restore the honor of the gods, and let who will dare to worship other than as I shall ordain! Whoever worships them not, or other than them, shall die.'

'In that spoke the chief minister of religion — the representative of the gods. The piety of Aurelian is in the mouths of men not less than his glory. The city resounds with the praise of him who has enriched the temples, erected new ones, made new provision for the priesthood, and fed the poor. This is the best greatness. Posterity will rather honor and remember him who saved them their faith, than him who gained a Persian victory. The victory for Religion too is to be had without cost, without a step taken from the palace gate, or from the side of her who is alike Aurelian's and the empire's boast.'

'Nay, nay, Fronto, you are over-zealous. This eastern purpose admits not of delay. Hormisdas is new in his power. The people are restless and divided. The present is the moment of success. It cannot bear delay. To-morrow, could it be so, would I start for Thrace. The heavens are propitious. They frown no longer.'

'The likeliest way methinks,' replied the priest, 'to insure success and the continued favor of the gods in that which they do not forbid, were first to fulfil their commands in what they have enjoined.'

'That, Fronto, cannot be denied. It is of weight. But where of two commands both seem alike urgent, and both cannot be done at once, whether we will or not, we must choose, and in choosing we may err.'

'To an impartial, pious mind, O emperor, the god of thy worship never shone more clear in the heavens than shines his will in the terrific signs of yesterday. Forgive thy servant, but drawn as thou art by the image of fresh laurels of victory to be bound about thy brow, of the rich spoils of Persia, of its mighty monarch at thy chariot wheels, and the long line of a new triumph sweeping through the gates and the great heart of the capital — and thou art blind to the will of the gods, though writ in the dread convulsions of the elements and the unerring language of the slaughtered victims.'

'Both may be done — both, Fronto. I blame not your zeal. Your freedom pleases me. Religion is thus, I know, in good hands. But both I say may be done. The care of the empire in this its other part may be left to thee and Varus, with full powers to see that the state in the matter of its faith receives no harm. Your knowledge in this, if not your zeal, is more than mine. While I meet the enemies of Rome abroad, you shall be my other self and gain other victories at home.'

'Little, I fear, Aurelian, could be done even by me and Varus leagued, with full delegated powers, opposed as we should be by Tacitus and the senate and the best half of Rome. None but an arm omnipotent as thine can crush this mischief. I see thou knowest not how deep it has struck nor how wide it has spread. The very foundations of the throne and the empire are undermined. The poison of Christian atheism has infected the whole mind of the people, not

only throughout Rome, but Italy, Gaul, Africa, and Asia. And for this we have to thank whom? Whom but ourselves? Ever since Hadrian — otherwise a patriot king — built his imageless temples, in imitation of this barren and lifeless worship; ever since the weak Alexander and his superstitious mother filled the imperial palace with their statues of Christ, with preachers and teachers of his religion; ever since the Philips openly and without shame professed his faith; ever, I say, since these great examples have been before the world, has the ancient religion declined its head, and the new stalked proudly by. Let not Aurelian's name be added to this fatal list. Let him first secure the honor of the gods — then, and not till then, seek his own.'

'You urge with warmth, Fronto, and with reason too. Your words are not wasted; they have fallen where they shall be deeply pondered. In the mean time I will wait for the judgment of the augurs and haruspices; and as the colleges report, will hold myself bound so to act.'

So they conversed, and then passed on. I was at that time but little conversant with the religious condition of the empire. I knew but little of the character of the prevailing faith and the Pagan priesthood; and I knew less of the new religion as it was termed. But the instincts of my heart were from the gods, and they were all for humanity. I loved man, whoever he was and of whatever name or faith; and I sickened at cruelties perpetrated against him both in war and by the bloody spirit of superstition. I burned with indignation therefore as I listened to the cold-blooded arguings of the bigoted priest, and wept to see how artfully he could warp aside the better nature of Aurelian, and pour his own venom into veins that had else run with human blood, at least not the poisoned current of tigers, wolves, and serpents of every name and nature most vile. My hope was, that away from his prompter, and the first purpose of Aurelian would return and have its way.

ENERGY.

The soil whose rank luxuriance yields
 But thistles, thorns, and weeds,
 May smile, with yellow Ceres crowned,
 Should Culture sow the seeds:
 But 't were a waste of time and toil
 To till the Lybian sands;
 Here Art and Culture both despair,
 And Prudence holds her hands.

And thus it is with Mind: her force
 And energy misused
 In follies, or for purposes
 More mischievous abused,
 By friendly counsel, armed with truth,
 May be directed right;
 But where 't is barren all, and waste,
 The case is hopeless quite.

OSCEOLA'S SOLILOQUY.

He stood beside the unmarbled mound
That held the ashes of his sire,
And gazed upon the sacred ground,
With lip compressed and eye of fire:
The moon shone wildly on the scene,
Glancing the forest boughs between;
And floated on the mournful gale
The spirit-sighs that nightly wail
By chieftains' graves, with mimic moan,
Now of the screech-owl's earthless tone,
Now of the note, long, lone, and shrill,
Caught from the dismal whip-poor-will.

The pilgrim chieftain raised his eye
Slowly from the ancestral grave,
And spoke — the stream that murmured by
Mingling the music of its wave
With his soft tones, as thus he sung,
Of hopes to which his spirit clung,
Of what his nation was, before
The white man sought their happy shore;
How proud, how powerful then — and how
Helpless and almost hopeless, now.

'The spirits of the Dead are near!
At Osceola's call they come;
Now in the breezes low and drear
Their spirit-whisperings I hear,
Mourning their fallen home;
Well may they mourn; I mourn with them
The breaking of the parent stem
Of that proud vine from which, when young,
And in its beauty green, they sprung;
Well may they mourn; themselves were free
As yon unfettered stream, that runs
Joyous toward the summer sea,
While we, their undegenerate sons,
Like that same stream, when from its breast
Struggling the icy bands to shake,
And murmur in its wild unrest,
We chafe the chains we cannot break.

'Yet will we strive; the sons of sires
Who once were sovereigns in the land,
Once more around their council fires
Shall gather their unconquered band;
Once more shall ring our battle cry
O'er hill and valley, wild and high;
Again th' unburied hatchet gleam,
By forest-wilds and mountain stream;
Till they beneath whose tyrant sway
Our race is hast'ning to decay,
O'er the once bright, now broken chain
Of peace, shall mourn, and mourn in vain.

'Tis true the chiefs whose forms were wont
To tower in the red battle's front,
The old men, whose prophetic voice
Made every warrior's heart rejoice,
The sage, the seer, are vanished all
From festive board and council hall;
We miss them in our hunting haunts,
We miss them in the martial dance,
And, pilgrims to their resting spot,
We call them, but they answer not.

Yet Osceola lives, and those
 Who answer to his battle-cry,
 Though few to combat countless foes,
 Are ready with their chief to die.

'They call me 'savage' — I am so;
 My tears were never taught to flow.
 For common griefs — and he who sees
 His nation, like their forest trees,
 Thinning and falling, one by one,
 Till each proud patriarch is gone,
 And those who linger to the last,
 Stripped by oppression's winter blast,
 Without a witnessed tear to show
 The secret workings of his wo,
 May well look on with stoic eye,
 To see his country's foemen die.

'They say an equal war I wage
 With women, and with helpless age,
 And infants on their mother's knees:
 It is not so; trophies like these
 I do not seek — I do not shun;
 I reckon not of them, lost or won:
 My voice as soon could stop the blaze
 When kindled on the prairie plain,
 As soon control the flash that plays
 Around the tow'ring temple's vane,
 As stay the hand of my brave men,
 When, echoing far through vale and glen,
 O'er forest wild and barren hill,
 They hear the war-cry loud and shrill.

'If in the war-creed of our race
 The name of Mercy has no place,
 It has been blotted thence by those
 To whom, by birthright, we are foes;
 Through our once happy hunting-grounds
 Daily the laborer's axe resounds,
 And the destroying woodman roves
 Heedless amid our council groves;
 But 'neath the rod of Manitou
 The red man scruples not to bow:
 We saw in this his ruling hand,
 And yielded to disgrace and toil,
 As strangers in our father's land,
 And aliens on our native soil.

'This did we bear, and would have borne;
 We gave up all, with tearless eye,
 Claiming the pittance in return
 Beside our fathers' graves to mourn —
 Beside our fathers' graves to die!
 Our restless conquerors willed not thus;
 Unsated with the soil they 've won,
 They say a better home for us
 Lies far toward the setting sun;
 A land in whose green hunting-grounds
 Unscared by man, the game abounds,
 And where, they say, is ample room
 For us our empire to resume.
 It may not be: how bright, how fair
 That distant land, it matters not;
 Our fathers' spirits are not there,
 Nor there their sacred burial-spot.
 No! we have sworn upon their graves,
 Their list'ning spirits lingering nigh,
 That ere the Mississippi's waves
 Divide us from them, we will die!

But in the east yon purple ray
 Betokens the return of day,
 And Osceola's chosen men
 Await him in the secret glen;
 Perhaps ere night, pale phantom band!
 He joins you in the spirit-land,
 For ere the setting of the sun,
 A battle must be lost and won!

He said — but on his stoic face
 His heart's emotions left no trace;
 Hope, hatred, pride, revenge, despair,
 Were his, but made no impress there.
 One last, long, silent look he gave
 Toward his sire's rude forest grave,
 Then with a swift but noiseless tread,
 He left the dwelling of the dead.

Auburn, (N. Y.) 1837.

P. H. M.

MAJOR DART: A SKETCH.

'Inter magnos ecce Major.'

I do love people who cannot keep even their faults to themselves, but in an hour's acquaintance will make such a display of their weak points, that you never forget them. Such an one was Major Dart. I saw him one day, and shall wear his impression for my whole life.

'Now I *do* hope Major Dart will come, if every body else stays away,' said my blooming friend, Alice Somers, as she drew the flowers on the centre-table more under the light of the astral, and looked round with complacency on the finished preparations for an evening party. Just then the door bell rang, and a note and a port-folio were brought in.

'Major Dart's man, ma'am.'

Poor Alice exclaimed, 'too bad — *too* bad' — for the note ran thus:

'Major Dart presents his compliments to Mrs. and Miss Somers, and expresses his deep regret that he shall be deprived of the pleasure of looking in upon their brilliant circle this evening. He has just had the ill fortune to recollect a previous engagement, and could forswear his memory for playing him true this once. He takes the liberty to send a few drawings of his protégé, Leslie, which may furnish entertainment for some of Miss Somers' young friends. Major D. will do himself the honor to call upon Mrs. Somers' stranger guests to-morrow morning.'

'Is n't it provoking, mother? I wanted the girls should see him. He is such a character.' The company now began to assemble, and amidst the various introductions to which, as strangers, Anna Clair and myself were subjected, I thought no more of Major Dart for the whole of a very pleasant evening.

The next morning brought its round of engagements. We had but one day left to see all the remaining show-places of wide-spread Washington, where 'hurryings to and fro' weary the curious stranger into the belief that he must have seen much more than he has.

Who but an Englishman does not believe he is doing something, when he is driving at full speed from Congress burial ground to Georgetown, or toiling up steps, and opening and shutting all the doors in the capitol, to make the most of an hour?

When we returned to dinner, the squarest, stiffest, smoothest of cards, in the blackest and most perfect of letters, told us that 'Major Dart, U. S. A.,' had done his duty.

And more than his duty, it seemed; for as Alice was again taking up her lamentation, Mrs. Somers interrupted it. 'Major Dart called a second time, and spent half an hour with me. He probably either expected you would return, or he was sufficiently entertained with Florence Gray, and my other morning visitors. On learning that you had gone to the rooms of the War Department, he begged, if the ladies were interested in Indian portraits and relics, they would do him the honor to look at his small collection. He believed even Miss Alice and I had never visited him, though we were his neighbors. After scouring the prairies, and soaring into raptures over the free Indian life, till the young ladies looked satiated, and rose to go, he spoke of a present of dried buffalo tongue he had just received, and offered to share it with me; but he immediately retracted, and said he would rather reserve it for our visit. So I have promised for you that we will all go, and at four o'clock; so come to dinner, that we may be ready.'

'Major Dart and buffalo tongue! — too much for one day.'

'Like the old woman's cherry-pie and letter from David, Alice.'

Our party looked larger than we had supposed, when it stood ready to move. There was Mrs. Somers, Miss Elsa, a stiff maiden cousin, spending the day, whom we took because Alice knew the Major would not waste a thought on her to court her; Frank Somers, a bright boy of nine, full of the Major's museum, and we three fair damsels, who, Alice averred, would form, to the gallant Major's eye, the centre and main group, of which the rest would be but the frame work. Our escort, cousin David, looked at his watch as he shut the hall door, for it seemed as if it must be later.

'We shall not have much time for the pictures or Major Dart,' said Mrs. Somers. 'Now, Alice, do be decorous, and do not make Ann and Jane laugh in the poor Major's face. You know he recollects you, Anna, as an acquaintance eight years ago. Be recognised gratefully, my dear; he is accustomed to civil treatment. And, Jane, mind you do not stare at his lame foot or broken nose. Those are his two great mortifications.' 'Yes, he has a broken limb and a lame nose, that you must not see. Somebody quarrelled with him once; (I do not see how it could happen, he is always so polite,) and with a blow from a cane marred his countenance in that fashion, and by way of righting the matter, he stood up in a duel and took a ball through his knee. But just listen to cousin Elsa. She is congratulating herself on having worn her new black satin, just what she would have chosen if she had known we were going. She must have designs on the Major. Here we are at the door.'

A smart-looking negro appeared, to receive us, and the inner door, which was immediately thrown open by a pale, half-way genteel boy

of twelve years, disclosed the Major standing in state behind a chair. He was a short, thick man, of more than fifty, with fierce looking light hair, erect above his temples, and as nearly meeting over his crown as an impulse on both sides could carry it. Huge red whiskers did what they could to befriend a bronzed, and seamed, and battered face, but the mutilation of a large aquiline nose was not a defect that could be veiled: his pale blue eyes rolled round furiously, to make amends for all, by a look of extreme animation.

'You do me too much honor, Mrs. Somers,' said the figure, advancing as far as it could, and retain the support of the chair, for the cane was thrown under the table. 'Welcome, fair ladies. A bachelor's welcome, my merry Lady Alice. Can it be possible that I see my lovely little playmate in the majestic Miss Anna Clair? Time is too partial; he does not so beautify me,' passing his hand over his forehead, as if to smooth incipient wrinkles, and managing with the same movement to draw the locks closer over the bald spot. 'I am enraptured to make your acquaintance, Miss Ashton. This is too much honor for a poor lonely man. How I regret that I have no lady to welcome you! Kind Miss Alice! if you would only persuade some fair friend to take compassion on the bachelor! Ah! you are looking at my flowers. You should have that bouquet, Miss Alice, but my especial favorite, Florence Gray, sent it to me not an hour ago. You have seen Florence, Miss Anna? She is our city belle, and very pretty I am bound to think her, for she is always kind to me. My plants are really hardly worth looking at. I prize them, because they are nearly all fairy favors; they come to me mysteriously, and I can only find out whence, and their errand, by applying to my Flora's dictionary. But you must each have a flower. Tom, my scissors from the drawer. Let me introduce Master Willis, my little friend and protégé. A lad of some genius, Mrs. Somers.'

The novel decorations of the parlor now attracted my whole attention. The walls were hung with embroidered buffalo skins, and rare furs, and decorated with elk horns and hoofs, bows and arrows, beautifully carved clubs, pipes, and cups, plumes, and feather robes and coronets, gay moccasins, and game bags, and cabinets of coins and minerals, arranged with much taste and skill. Beaded belts and pouches, and long shining black locks, which had been victor's trophies, and strings of rattling bears' teeth, were festooned around several large and beautiful paintings, and I was completely absorbed, when mignonette and a rose-bud thrust under my nose recalled me to the gallant Major.

'Rather savage decorations, but I am half a savage. My life has been spent among the red men, and I could gladly return to them, were it not for you charmers, whom we may not carry into the wilds. Tom, thank you for that port-folio — the smallest one — but you may give me both.'

'Pardon me, but I will do myself the honor to show you some sketches of my own, of scenes in which I have been engaged. This is an actual likeness of my favorite horse, Flash-o'-Lightning. I valued him from having taken him myself on the prairie. He was stolen from me, but I took my revenge in their own Indian fashion.'

See this burning village — and the fury depicted on the faces of the braves. I bear the marks of it yet, but I live to bask in the light of sunny eyes to-day.'

'Did they scalp you, Sir?' asked little Frank, with his innocent and admiring eyes upturned.

'But I was intending to show you some drawings that are really worth looking at; very perfect little things, done in water colors. By the way, if the same labor and skill had been exerted in oils, my protégé would have been immortal, instead of depending upon my poor patronage. Poor Wentworth! he has been three years absent, taking sketches for me from actual groups. I do love the bold attitudes of these indomitable lords of the wilds. But, ladies, we are getting too barbarous. Let us return to more civilized life. What will suit your tastes best? I have some fine European views. I can speak for their correctness, from actual observation. Tom, my good lad, that red port-folio. A new and valuable set of Spanish mountain sketches, just received from my promising young friend, Lieutenant Lesler, author of 'Peak Peerings,' of which work, by the way, I may say I stood sponsor.

'Those are French and Italian architectural prints. I can answer for their correctness, from examination. Ha, ha! I criticized so severely the tower you see there, that the grotesque statues have been taken down, the cross elevated, and they have begun to build out a little projection here, to hide the defect. If you could have seen how strangely the workmen looked, suspended in baskets from that immense height.

'There is a drawing I should like your opinion upon — an emblematic design of my own — where is it, Tom? Oh! I recollect that it is lying on the table in Congress Library. The artists who met there yesterday, borrowed it, and they talk of doing me the honor of transferring my device to an empty pannel. Beautiful heads those! I have seen many of the admired originals. But have not we had enough of pictures? Could I not persuade one of you ladies to try my new German piano? No? Then I must do myself the honor to touch the keys, that you may judge of the sound. That air is better on the flute. Tom, the flute in the ebony case. Is n't that sweet? but finer still on my musical glasses. You may smile, ladies, but I actually retain all the enthusiasm that was felt for that simple musical instrument when it was first exhibited.'

The soft, sad sounds floated over our heads, and I turned my back on the thick thumbs, that with needlessly flourished circles were bringing them out, to enjoy something so heavenly, but the Major thought proper to add a voice hardly seraph-like enough to harmonize. I could not but express my admiration, for the instrument was new to me. I was met by an offer to impart all his skill to me, if I would only stay a week. He would even send to Baltimore for an instrument for me, as his was the only one in the city.

'It is too solemn for me often. Give me my violin, Tom, or rather my double flageolet. I will do myself the honor to breathe through it one little air that may revive us. My good Tom, just give me my pet little French flageolet now, in that upper drawer of my desk, that

the ladies may see the difference. I do myself and it too much honor, my dear ladies.'

He was interrupted by the entrance of the negro with refreshments — cakes, wine, buffalo tongue, which was duly wondered over and admired. The swart negro entered again, and whispered to his master. 'Ah! just in time, John — very fortunate. Ladies, I have just received a present of champagne from my friend Col. Corkin. Produce it, John, and the ladies will drink his health.'

The shadows of a November evening had been for some time gathering about us, and except that the grate cast a red glow over the wall, and revealed the wildness of antler, and hoof, and shaggy bear skin, we should have been in darkness. We were taking our leave, as John entered with lights.

'Oh! John, my cat — my good Tom, find my cat!' exclaimed Major Dart. 'I must show Conrad to the ladies. He is a splendid creature — a present from the ambassador at Constantinople. I mortally offended Commodore Downes, of the frigate that brought Conrad over, by refusing to part with him.' But the noble Maltese did not love ladies, and scorned a bribe of buffalo-tongue; he scratched Frank, and in escaping from him, sprang upon Miss Elsa. She was in convulsions. 'Take off the spiteful beast!' she screamed. 'There! see how his great claws are fraying my satin! I never could abide a cat.'

'But you might make believe you could,' whispered Alice.

The polite Major looked horror-stricken, and if we had thought it time to go before, we surely did now.

We had hardly risen from the tea-table, when Major Dart appeared once more, bearing, as a farewell gift to Anna and me, two carefully wrapped little parcels. 'Ladies,' he said, 'will you not just walk to the door, and look at Billy Button? He is a great favorite here, and if you could be induced to stay and honor him, I should be so happy to ride with you to-morrow morning.' 'Oh! Major Dart,' said Alice, 'Billy Button has upset his reputation. No young lady in the city will ride him, since he threw Marion Burke over his head.'

'Ah! dear Miss Alice, I could explain all that to your satisfaction. Billy never would throw you or any body whom he liked. He is a pony of discretion. But just look at him, ladies.' To the door we went, to see by the lamp-light a diminutive roan, with a white mane. 'Beautiful creature! but where is the Major? I surely thought he was listening.' 'Holding up by a chair in the parlor, watching for our exclamations. It is too cold. Let us go in.'

'It is really a beautiful animal, Major Dart, and I should like a trot over the long bridge to-morrow.' 'Miss Alice, Miss Anna, I must exculpate Billy, for he is my favorite, though I have other horses that are safe, and that you might like better; all at your service, ladies. Now what shall I bid upon your stay? Would not a horse-back party to Mount Vernon, and a fresh cedar branch from the tomb of tombs, be some inducement? Miss Jane, you look like the soul of patriotism. But Miss Alice, Miss Anna, let me tell you, Billy Button is in great demand. I have a quire of beautiful pink and blue notes, asking the loan of Billy Button, and it is getting troublesome to him to be so

popular; so I did not desire to condemn his one vigorous effort for more freedom.

'But what have you there, Miss Jane? Shells? How could I forget to ask you to look at my little collection? Apropos, I saw yesterday a beautiful specimen of shell work. Not that I admire that artificial arrangement of shells, but this is fine of its kind. Master Frank, will you speak to my man John? John, take my compliments to Miss Margaret Hill, and request the loan of a box I was admiring there yesterday. Be careful, John. She values it very highly, but I think she will not refuse me. Stay, John, I will mount Billy Button, for I have an engagement. Sorry to leave you, ladies. Heart-broken that we cannot make Washington more pleasant to you. Oh! Miss Anna, and you Miss Jane, remember me, if my little gift prospers. Mrs. Somers, help the young ladies, if you can.' And he bowed and shuffled his way out. A few moments after, the shell box was brought in, and we admired it as much as it deserved, and did not forget to notice the main point, that Major Dart would not have had overlooked, that the admired Miss Margaret Hill yielded her treasures at his slightest wish. Our keepsakes proved nothing more than little withered bulbs, though they were doubtless from Major Dart's horticultural friends in Holland. Mine never made an effort to grow, and Anna Clair says, in a letter some six months afterward, 'Oh! Jane, what flattering words Major Dart used! — and to me particularly, as Alice and you admitted. But

'Hopes that were angels in their birth
Have perished young, like things of earth.'

My flower proved to be a Narcissus. The giver must have died before this of self-adoration.'

A R E P L Y

TO LINES ADDRESSED 'TO THE AUTHOR OF 'THE OAK BY THE WAYSIDE.''

THE time of singing birds hath come, of blossoms, and of leaves,
Of the robin on the green-wood branch, the swallow 'neath the eaves;
The violets by the fountain side, their fragrant odors pour,
And the old elms wave their feathery crests, as lightly as of yore;
The unchained streamlets o'er the hills are leaping bright and free,
And the rush of many a river soundeth onward to the sea;
Here, where thy winds, my early home! breathe coolly o'er my brow,
Rest I once more beneath the oak, and its o'ershadowing bough.

Mirth and the bounding footstep had left the revel hall,
And harp, and song, and ringing cup, the nightly festival;
And quenched on its deserted hearth, was many a household fire,
And sunlight from mine eastern hills, burned high on dome and spire;
The voices of my kindred came whispering to my heart,
And the echoes of mine ancient graves seemed to call me to depart;
Thou, where thou standest, wayside oak, fresh garlanded by spring,
Wert, with thy giant outspread arms, me onward beckoning.

I joy to find thy gnarled limbs in scattered foliage gay;
Thou'rt hale, old tree! and vigorous — still green, 'mid thy decay!
I glory in thy strength, which still defiest bolt and storm,
But I mourn that here, in loneliness, uprears thine aged form.

When from thy forest parent bough, some wild wind sweeping by,
Bade thee shoot forth, strike root, and toss thy branches to the sky,
Whispered it that the severed one for home afar would yearn,
But, like the bird of paradise, might never more return ?

Weary within the palaces and halls of grandeur, lies
The heart which to AMBITION itself doth sacrifice;
True, Care doth weave the web o'er all !— it spreadeth wide and far,
O'er the lowly peasant in his dell, the conqueror on his car ;
Yet none, not e'en the sternest soul, its griefs alone would bear,
But the sorrows of the mighty, what kindred soul may share ?
O sweetly wells the desert fount beneath the palm tree hid,
While lone and lofty mid the sands, uprears the pyramid.

Praised be the philanthropic heart, that throbs to aid its kind —
Praised be the open hand, outspread a brother's wounds to bind ;
Honor to him, whose franchised mind achieveth him a lot,
Beyond the circumscribed domain which bounds his father's cot :
O ! save me from that fate — to live 'unblessing, and unknown,'
And shield me from that lofulness, which dwells alone— alone !

New-England, June, 1838.

IONA.

THE ATLANTINES: A ROMANCE OF AMERICA.

BY JOHN GALT, ESQ., AUTHOR OF 'ANNALS OF THE PARISH,' 'LAURIE TODD,' ETC.

INSCRIBED TO PHILIP HONE, ESQ., NEW-YORK, AND MY OTHER AMERICAN FRIENDS.

THE brightest tints of many a glowing gleam
Appeared to me in your wild sylvan land ;
For that I beckon to a sleepless dream
The sprites that wait on the poetic wand.
Methought I there could, without fancy, trace
The old memorials of a perish'd race,
The former fathers of the firm and bland ;
And there the grave of some great overthrow,
Whose moulder'd epitaph still seem'd to tell
Of men who slumber with their arts below,
Like Egypt's sires that with oblivion dwell.
To these, when sleep at midnight wing'd away,
Pale memory pointed with her lunar ray,
And bade me thus to you the phatasma display.

Greenock, 1837.

PREFACE.

It is not, however, so much the domiciliation of the incidents of this romance, nor the remembrance of much kindness, that induces me to wish it may be published in America, and become honored there with some degree of favor, as because it affords me an opportunity to direct attention to a subject more important than any theme of poetry, and which I have long deemed worthy of the gravest consideration.

Many years ago, in a conversation with my old friend, President West, of the Royal Academy, he mentioned an interesting circumstance connected with the Independence of the United States, which I will here repeat.

Mr. Jacob Duchey was celebrated throughout the whole of the British provinces in America, as a most pathetic and persuasive preacher. The publicity of his character in the world was, however, chiefly owing to a letter which he addressed to WASHINGTON, soon

after the appointment of that chief to the command of the army. The purport of this letter was, to persuade the general to go over to the British cause. It was carried to him by a Mrs. Ferguson, a daughter of one Dr. Graham, a Scottish physician in Philadelphia. Washington at that time lay at Valley Forge, and this lady, on the pretext of paying him a visit, as they were previously acquainted, went to the camp. The general received her in his tent, with much respect, for he greatly admired the masculine vigor of her mind.

When she had delivered the letter, he read it attentively, and rising from his seat, walked backward and forward upward of an hour, without speaking. He appeared to be much agitated during the greatest part of the time; but at length, having decided with himself, he stopped, and addressed her in nearly the following words:

‘Madam, I have always esteemed your character and endowments: and I am fully sensible of the noble principles by which you are actuated on this occasion; nor has any man in the whole continent more confidence in the integrity of his friend, than I have in the honor of Mr. Duchey. But I am here entrusted by the people of America with sovereign authority. They have placed their lives and fortunes at my disposal, believing me to be an honest man. Were I therefore to desert their cause, and consign them again to the British, what would be the consequence? To myself perpetual infamy, and to them endless calamity. The seeds of everlasting division are sown between the two countries. And, were the British again to become our masters, they would have to maintain their dominion by force, and would after all retain us in subjection only as they would hold their bayonets to our breasts. No, madam; the proposal of Mr. Duchey, though conceived with the best intention, is not framed in wisdom. America and England must be separate states; but they may have common interests, for they are **BUT ONE PEOPLE**. It will therefore be the object of my life and ambition, to establish the independence of America in the first place; and in the second, to arrange such a community of interests between the two nations, as shall indemnify them for the calamities which they now suffer, and form a new era in the history of nations.’

This declaration made on me a lasting impression. I well remember when on the first occasion I landed at New-York, the kind of convulsive emotion with which I heard, on every side, that the parent language of the country was English. It affected me with a kind of painful surprise, although I well knew I was to hear no other; and from that evening, the words of Washington took enfeeblement of my mind. Often and often did I think in America of what ways the notion of the general could be reduced into the form of a compact, and I think so still; but I am too little of a politician to say how the desideratum may be attained. Nevertheless, one of the objects of the publication is, to suggest the consideration of the measure to the benevolent and the enlightened. To what influence, indeed, might not the great free nations aspire, over ‘the nations not so blest,’ were they bound together by a fellowship such as the ‘**EMANCIPATOR OF THE WEST**’ contemplated!

J. G.

17th March, 1838.

THE ATLANTINES.

BOOK I.

LAND of the firm and calm, land of my choice !
 With wither'd heart, life's winter drear around,
 I chittering churme of thee an olden song :
 Land of the firm and calm, home of my young,
 Where once I dreamed to build a storied pile
 Of benefits to man — Iris of thought !
 It too hath vanish'd, like my other dreams.

To me, with silence at the midnight hour,
 When but the stars and I to fancy seem
 Of all the world awake, thy woodlands wild
 Loom like a halo-fram'd apocalypse,
 And many a vision of things pass'd away
 Assume the part that dreams perform in sleep.
 The time-built trees, the labyrinths of woods,
 And the lone holiness that dwells therein,
 Dilate my spirit with sublimity,
 As when I first felt, on the shoreless sea,
 The viewless presence of the Infinite.
 Oft when the fitful whisp'ring summer breeze
 Rustled the foliage as in wantonness,
 I paus'd to listen, as alone I stray'd,
 Thinking of ocean and the starry night,
 When the calm moon, high in the blue serene,
 Survey'd below the hoary-headed waves,
 Like old men murm'ring prayers of miseries,
 As if in expectation that the heavens
 Would alter destiny for their imploring.

But not in summer, when the kindly gale
 Fann'd with delight, I only lov'd to roam
 The wildering wilderness of ancient woods ;
 For in the turbulence of crash and storm,
 Oft have I stood, enraptured with amaze,
 To hear the mighty anthems of the boughs,
 And see, with minglings of poetic thought,
 The glorious light'nings pierce the vaulting leaves,
 Showering a momentary day around,
 Strewing the earth as 't were with radiant plumes,
 Snatch'd by black demons from the angels' wings.

Yet though at times, when winter ruled the year,
 And fear, the bedlamite, with arms outspread,
 Rode on the mane of the unbridled blast,
 Allured by dismal pleasure, I have sought
 The top of some steep height, more did I love
 To mark the openings of the balmy bud
 In the soft air, when gracious spring reveal'd
 Her emerald tints, bright upon every bough ;
 For then I saw divine Benevolence
 Wreath with the genial spirit of the day
 The green assurances of plenty stor'd,
 And invitations to the thralls of care
 To seek asylums where a man may scorn
 The burly beadies of the feudal world.

But every season in the sylvan wild
 Hath some peculiar solace of its own
 To soothe the troubled mind ; and thus though spring
 Seem'd joyous as the hopeful heart of youth,
 It was not only with her promises
 That I in lone sequester'd walks was pleas'd.
 The fragrant greetings of the opening flower

Inspir'd still happier themes, for then the birds,
 Though but at intervals too long, sing gay,
 Till solitude grows social, and the rills,
 Which noisy prattle in the vernal prime,
 Like boist'rous children glad with holiday,
 Pour their pure waters shrinkingly along,
 As holy maidens, young and modestly,
 Whisper responses at their confirmation.

But thou, O autumn ! gorgeous, glorious queen !
 To thee admiring homage most I paid,
 Deeming that earth might then in splendor vie
 With Heaven at eve. Bright sunset of the year !
 All then seem'd flame, and all the forest then
 An unconsuming conflagration blaz'd.
 In such a scene, when the still bowery glade
 Was all around full of strange mystic light,
 As if, amidst the darkness of the shade,
 Th' aurora of the northern morning shone,
 Arak, a young Atlantine, musing, said :

'How holy is this calm magnificence
 Of mountain, lake, and wood ! The ceaseless roar
 Of the hoarse cataract, by distance soften'd,
 Seems as the soothing lull of Nature's voice.
 Here I will pause, till old Orooko comes,
 Nor on the simple worshippers intrude,
 Who still with him refuse the Christian faith,
 And midst those scenes of solemn loneliness,
 With aimless rites and ineffectual prayers,
 Adore the phantasies our nations serv'd,
 Till blest Antonio from the ocean came.'

This Arak said, what time, like crested Mars,
 Renown'd Sir Godfrey shook Jerusalem ;
 And as he spoke, abruptly from the bowers,
 Orooko came, a pensive, aged man.
 'And who,' cried he, 'art thou, who in these shades
 Presum'st, in that apostate's garb, to steal ?'

'Dost thou not know me ?' sigh'd the vestur'd youth,
 As if in doubt such strangeness were but feign'd.

'What, Arak ! is it thee ?' Arak advanc'd,
 But th' old man, recoiling, said in tears :
 'Nay, no embrace ! — thou hast the gods forsaken,
 And I, their priest, must never more again
 Receive thee to these arms, nor ever raise
 My hands above thee to implore their blessing.
 O ye unknown, dread and beneficent !
 Pardon these tears, forgive my weak old heart,
 That would extenuate this young man's sin !
 But Arak, if in penitence thou com'st,
 I'll bathe thy forehead with most joyous tears.'

Arak look'd seriously, and sadly said,
 As if his heart were written with contrition,
 'I bring a message to you from the king.'

Orooko sigh'd, and musingly awhile
 Paus'd ere he spoke, and then said, as in sorrow :
 'What would he now with me ? Oh ! he might spare
 The little remnant I have left of life
 To the deserted worship of the gods —
 Our fathers' gods. The ever-bounteous powers,
 Who never on our blest contented tribes
 Sent civil discord, till that fatal hour
 When on our coast the baleful stranger came,
 Like something ominous cast from the sea !'

Sad arak heard him as a son attends
 The aimless babble of his sire insane :

'Alas! Orooko, you will not discern
The good, the blessing, in Antonio given.'

But with a firmer, though a sadder voice,
The solemn old man in compassion said :
'Beneath the boughs of these far-spreading bowers
We happy dwelt, and with the morning light
Our hymn, as cheerful as the thankful birds,
Rose to the Powers that bless'd us ; all the day
The active chase gave energy to health,
And when at night, our frugal meal despatch'd,
We stretch'd ourselves secure on Nature's lap,
And fear'd no danger in the form of man,
For we had nothing then that could be stol'n !
Spirit of Nature ! did my tongue say nothing ?
Yes, we had happiness, the bosom's gem,
But the wave's outcast has purloin'd them all !'

'He has enrich'd with better,' said the youth,
'Taught us to raise our homes and sheltering sheds,
The woes with which the God avenges guilt,
And the great promise of another life,
The glorious morning after death's dark night ;
But the king summons you— obey the king.'

Orooko musingly replied :

'I cannot aid him in his new designs ;
My heart grows cold whene'er by chance afar
My wand'ring eyes see through the opening woods
This rising town, and dread presages come
That mighty deities, whose thrones of fire
Deep in the hollow of the mountains glow,
Will burst abroad, and hurl in floods of flame
The mad apostates and their homes away.
But what can *Yamos* now require of me ?
Oh ! he was once the sunbeam of my soul,
And surely did prolific Nature ne'er
A being fashion in the form of man,
So good, so kind, so modest, and so brave.
Methinks I could have pardon'd all the tribes,
Had they rais'd altars to adore that youth ;
For they had but adored in him
The embodied excellence of all that lives.'

Arak compassionately heard him speak,
And said with reverence mingling with his sorrow,
'The queen of late, drooping, forgoes his love,
And he desires that with your speediest skill
You would restore to him her wonted fondness.'

The old man sigh'd, and then, relenting, said :
'Though she too is apostate, I will go ;
Lead on, I'll follow : never but to take
Some gentle essence of appeasing herbs,
To quiet sorrow or extinguish pain,
Shall e'er my feet toward Atlantis tend.'

Meanwhile the king fraternal kindness felt
For strange Antonio, whose inspiring power
Awoke the slumbering genius of the land,
And thus his gratitude and hope express'd :

'Thrice have the trees renew'd and shed their leaves,
And the fourth fruit hangs blushing on the bough,
Since thou, Antonio, child of Providence,
Wast on our shore cast from the mystic waves,
To bless our wilds and regions undivulg'd.
How rich in knowledge hast thou made us all !
Yes, as the new moon out of darkness born,
Thou cheer'st our spirits with the blest reflex
Of that eternal light, which o'er thy world
Sheds its bright mid-day beams. In all this time,

With radiant wisdom ever blessing us,
Thou hast thyself remain'd alone unblest.'

Antonio sadden'd as he spoke, and said,
Like one that humbly with contrition grieves :
'Most gracious Yamos ! in what I have done,
I have in the effects a rich reward.
Yes, in the honors which the good unborn
Will pay my name, I do a meed foretaste.
The time will come, when from the eastern world,
With swan-like pomp, some daring mariner
Will this way steer, to whom these scenes unknown,
Of inland seas and forests infinite,
Shall be reveal'd. When that blest dove shall find
The arts of Europe and the Christian faith,
My name will shine in bright equality
With that of Abraham or Cadmus, they
Who in the olden time taught mankind truth.'

Benignant Yamos gently took his hand,
And, more with reverence than with friendship, spoke :
'But wherefore wilt thou not be one of us ?
Our nations will to thy posterity
Give higher honors than to all our kings.
I pray thee, friend, or rather should I say,
Creative genius of this woodland world,
Consent to what I pray for — fair *Morà*
Has long the influence of thy virtues felt ;
Felt as the flower that feels the solar beam.
You seem perplex ! — why are you thus disturb'd ?

Antonio wiped away a rueful tear,
And answer'd with a lowly contrite voice :
'My heart is glowing full of gratitude ;
But in the fast ring of your infant state,
I have abundant blessing. Did I yield
To soft endearments, my ennobling aims
Might sink abortive, propagating wo.'

'Thou hast, *Antonio*, yet but precept given ;
Give us example, too, that we may see,
By thy bright practice, how to guide ourselves.
The rights of fathers, husbands, sons, and men,
Thou hast to us prescrib'd, take now a wife,
And thereby show us we example need.'

The glozing spirit of the eastern clime
Enter'd *Antonio*, yet his conscious heart
Could not but mourn, as thus he did mislead :
'There is a beauty, Sir, in principles
Which men who most in theory revere,
Cannot transpose into their way of life.
I have denied myself connubial love,
Lest I should not in practice well conform
To those blest principles I try to teach.'

Yamos, with awe, such as of old with which
The votive pilgrim at Dodona's shrine
Heard the responses of the oracle,
Said as a worshipper, and then withdrew,
'I own the god-like grandeur of thy thought,
And do thee homage ; but while thus you scorn
A conscious, fallen, fearful, erring man,
Such virtue makes you glorious and divine.'

Antonio stood as one convicted stands,
And weeping briny bitterness, exclaim'd :
'How black and horrible methinks I seem,
Beside the lustre of thy purer mind !
Thou dost sustain me, Yamos, in thy love,
As the new moon in its embrace of brightness
Holds in its arms the dark and rayless old.'

Meanwhile to Idda from Antonio went
 The noble Yamos, pensive to have fail'd,
 And thus he tried her waywardness to soothe:
 'Alas, dear Idda! wherefore shun'st thou me?
 The time was once, that I was all to thee;
 The blossom breathing to the noontide sun
 Its bosom's fragrance, never was more true
 To it than thou to me; but thou art chang'd,
 Ah me, how changed! looking askance on me
 As on some hateful reptile that you fear'd.'

Moved by his sadness, conscious of a sin,
 She answer'd, shudd'ring as with penitence:
 'I know not, Yamos, why I should be thus;
 I would to thee be what I was before,
 But some foul vapor doth my brain infect,
 And stain the wonted substance of my thoughts.'

Yamos replied: 'Since good Antonio
 Hath not been potent to turn back again
 Thy wander'd love, but ever still the more
 This woful change works with increas'd dislike,
 I have sent Arak to the old Orooko,
 To bring him with his healthful simples here,
 That we may try their power.' Idda exclaim'd:
 'Leave where he lives that petulant old man!
 What would he here, but fret, as he was wont,
 Against Antonio, and with greeting eyes
 Make still more irksome my unhappy heart?'

Griev'd Yamos said, almost bewailingly:
 'Does he, too, Idda, grow unloved of thee?
 Once that old man to thee was as a god—
 'But is he not Antonio's enemy?'
 Cried the alarm'd queen, 'and may he not
 Come but to harm, and wither with dismay?'

Perturbed Yamos said, as if t' appease
 Some dread, begotten of an ailing fancy:
 'He has refus'd to take the Christian faith,
 Yet there's no enmity in his kind nature;
 I'd think as soon Antonio bad and false,
 As I could think the father would molest.'

'But wherefore bring him here?' the queen inquir'd:
 'Art thou not ill at ease?' the king replied;
 'Fair Morà droops, and all our med'cines fail.
 Alas, poor Morà, solitary still,
 With hopeless wishes she must ever pine:
 Antonio has rejected her.' 'Rejected!'
 The startled Idda, in amazement, cried:
 'He will not marry!' sigh'd the youthful king;
 'On his great purpose constantly intent,
 He'll never join his fate to womankind;
 I wish him happy who 's my people blest.'

'But he rejected her, and will not marry?'
 With gladdening earnestness the queen inquired;
 And Yamos answer'd: 'Why delights that you?
 My dearest Idda, my once gentle Idda,
 Why should the tidings such strange pleasure prove?'

'Oh, not to love him, were almost to sin
 A sin as great as loving over much!'
 'Ah! my fit comes!' the kindling Idda cried;
 'Over my head some dire unholy thing
 Sits fell and hungry, feeding on my brain!
 I would I were not what I am, or could
 Again the virtue of thy love return.'
 Then from his fond embrace she burst away,
 As if his arms were flames that clasp'd with wo.

* * * *

LITERARY NOTICES.

A GRAMMAR OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE, FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.
By CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D. In one volume. pp. 284. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

IN the last number of this Magazine, we called the attention of the public to an edition of Cæsar's Commentaries, by this accomplished scholar, and we now hail with equal pleasure the appearance of a Greek grammar, worthy in every respect of the source whence it emanates. Our limits would not permit us to review a work of the depth and calibre of the one before us, were it otherwise in our power. It must suffice, therefore, that we record our opinions of the volume, with such brief mention of our reasons for maintaining them, as may comport with our time and space. The utility of such a work is unquestionable. No Greek grammar has heretofore existed, at all adequate to the wants of the early students in that most copious, and at the same time most delicately correct, of languages; the preliminary works, such as the Eton and Westminster grammars, being bald and meagre in many parts of vital importance, and needlessly diffuse in others of far less consequence; while those of a more advanced character, such as Matthias', particularly, in two octavo volumes, are too extended in their plan, and too deep in their acumen, for mere beginners. It would not perhaps be too much to say, that this grammar is at the same time simpler than any yet in existence, even of the most compressed, and more correctly learned than the most voluminous. Beyond all question, it is the best Greek grammar we have ever met, and we believe it to be the best ever published; for while it is eminently easy of comprehension, clear in its arrangement, and happy in its illustration, it contains every thing needful for the attainment of the glorious language to which it is the key, even in its highest branches. We have not, as we have said, the time to go fully into its points of difference from, and superiority to, other grammars; but to come at the matter shortly, its greatest merit is to be found, not in any great degree of originality — for the subject has been already so fully treated as to leave little room for new discoveries — but in that *lucidus ordo*, that clear arrangement, and easy exposition of the subject, which is indeed the all in all, in the severe and ill-appreciated art of teaching. It consists, in short, in a new way of telling things, known for the most part before; but so perfect in its simplicity, no less than its fulness, is this new way, that we are convinced that by means of this Grammar, a boy may obtain a very tolerable insight into the minutia of the Greek language, before, by the old method, he would have learned the formation of the tenses. From the first page to the last, this quality is apparent; and a person at all conversant with the subject, might arrive at the conclusion, which we have reached by a careful study of the greater part of the work, by merely reading the excellent remarks on the accents — (too much neglected by far, as well as their more necessary adjunct, the prosodial quantities, in the general education of this country,) which, in the short space of a single page, contain all that can be said on the subject, within the comprehension of the learner; while the more

ample, though still brief, exercise under the same head, at the 275th page, could not be improved, were it expanded to a volume.

The first very decided improvement in *arrangement* which we find, is the giving the declensions of nouns and adjectives at full length, through all the three numbers; and especially in the separating of the nominative, accusative, and vocative dual, instead of the senseless mode of merely declining the singulars, and affixing, in separate columns, the last syllables of the dual and plural cases, without the smallest explanation; to the invariably bewildered learner, whether this new syllable is to be added to the termination, or substituted for any portion, of the singular cases. This to the writer is a small matter, but not so to the reader! We do not hesitate to say, that this apparently trivial change will save both pupil and tutor weeks, nay months, of labor and vexation in the difficult process of tuition. The remarks on the formation of the cases are admirably clear and logical. On coming to the adjectives, we are even more struck, than in the nouns, by the excellency of the more ample method of declension; while the remarks on their terminations, as connected with their meanings, strike us as being entirely new to a school grammar, and no less useful than original. In the rules for the formation of the degrees of comparison, an important step is gained, by giving a series of plain and easy directions for the mutations necessary to different contingencies in the positive form, instead of laying down one general rule for all, which is *false of all*, and immediately *contradicted* by a catalogue of exceptions, equal (if not greater) in number to the forms first stated.

In the verbs, an excellence of the same character is observable throughout; although, *par parenthese*, we doubt the propriety of altering the second person singular of the present passive from $\tau\acute{o}\pi\eta\iota$ into the attic form $\tau\acute{o}\pi\eta\iota$, even while we do not deny that it may be more critically correct. In the first place, the change makes it necessary for the learner to *unlearn* something, a process more difficult, always, than acquisition; and secondly, $\tau\acute{o}\pi\eta\iota$ is not so obviously deducible from the old second singular $\tau\acute{o}\pi\eta\iota$, by contraction and syncope, as the $\tau\acute{o}\pi\eta\iota$ of the common dialect. The rules for the two arguments are beautifully clear — ages in advance of other grammars; and the remarks on the same, scarcely less easy of comprehension, while yet so ample as to leave nothing more to be desired. The same observation applies, in a still higher degree, to the rules for, and remarks on, the formation of tenses, the mastering of which is the fixing the key-stone in the arch of acquiring the language. Those syllables for the alterations of quantity in the penultimate syllables of the first and second aorists, are especially clear; and the fact is the more remarkable, that in former works they have been very much encumbered and obscure.

The observations on the *force* of the tenses, voices, and moods, are no less admirable than the foregoing. Almost the only thing we see to regret, in the whole volume, is that the admirable method of *declining and conjugating at length*, is not brought to bear — where we think it perhaps *most* needful — on the contrast verbs. It is true, that it would have added a few pages to the bulk of the work, but we think the expenditure of space and labor would have been amply compensated by the superior light it would have thrown upon the learner's mind. Of the remainder of the Grammar, we have only time to say, that it fully equals the beginning, and that the short but lucid syntax deserves all the praise awarded to other portions, for perspicuity, and for a force of conviction, amounting nearly to mathematical demonstration. In short, we know no mode by which we can more clearly illustrate the peculiar superiority of Anthon's Greek Grammar, to all others, than by likening it to the effect of giving a problem of Euclid to a learner with the analytical demonstration — every step gained represented below the last, with brief algebraic signs, thereby flashing the result,

as it were instantaneously, upon his understanding, instead of forcing him to labor through the verbose full length rigmarole of the older method.

The great problem in the art of teaching is, that the teacher should *forget* that he knows himself what he is teaching to others; should *remember*, that what is clear as day to him, is all Cimmerian darkness to his pupil. This problem, long since proved, Professor Anthon has, in our opinion, been the first to put in practice; and in consequence his is, we may well believe, THE BEST GREEK GRAMMAR EXTANT. Of course, it will be at once adopted by every institution in this country, that entertains a wholesome dread of being charged with mean and narrow-minded jealousy; and we should be little astonished to learn that, like the classical Lexicon of the same author, it had become a class-book in the colleges of Europe.

THE POETRY OF TRAVELLING IN THE UNITED STATES. By CAROLINE GILMAN. With Additional Sketches, by a few Friends; and a Week among Autographs, by Rev. S. GILMAN. In one volume. pp. 430. New-York: SAMUEL COLMAN.

WITH but little pretension, this book has very many agreeable qualities. It is light, lively, and entertaining; the lady-author having gone like a bee from flower to flower, and generally found a flower in almost every thing. We should except, however, the colloquy relative to stage 'sea sickness,' which is unredeemed, and in bad taste. The thrice-described scenes of the lady's 'northern excursion' are invested with a new interest in her hands. The poetical portions, howbeit, for the most part, impress us less favorably than the prose, a specimen or two of which we subjoin. The annexed is a happy satire upon the 'all-is-barren' species of English travellers in our borders:

"When entering the steamer Victoria at Buffalo, I was startled by the question, 'Are you going to Great Britain?' It was the first time I had realized that I was about to be under a different government, and I felt a mighty working of that organ which makes captious travellers. We soon left the blue waters of Lake Erie, and entered on the Niagara river. Grand Island is twelve miles long, and is interesting from the fact of its having been selected as the spot where Major Noah, of New-York, projected the city of Ararat, as a rallying-point for the Jews. That plan failed, and it is now owned by a company of Bostonians for saw mills, etc., and is likely to be an extensive and lucrative concern. A village is already rising there, with its church and school.

"I observed a man smoking and spitting on the *quarter-deck* of the steam-boat, and as I had not seen such a spectacle throughout my whole journey from the South, I asked who he was, and was told that he was an Englishman, the agent for the British Hotel. I was lost in astonishment, having taken all my views of such matters from Hall, Trollope, and Company. Of course I entered on my notes, in conspicuous characters, that Englishmen smoke and spit, (a favorite word with English journalists.) As we entered Chippewa Creek, the first object that met my eyes was an English lady, knee deep in the water, her sleeves rolled up above her elbows, scrubbing a naked boy. My surprise was indescribable, and I entered on my notes (I never kept notes but for this occasion,) the singular manner in which English women perform their ablutions in open creeks. As we passed through another village, I observed on one sign 'Storeage,' on another, 'Travellers.' Is it possible, thought I, that these are countrymen of Johnson, and Sheridan? I immediately entered on my tablets, according to the sweeping custom of foreign journalists, that the Canadian shop-keepers are ignorant of the most simple forms of orthography. Dinner was ready on our arrival, and, as the keeper of the Pavilion had boasted that there was nothing to eat or to see on the American side, I expected a great entertainment; more particularly did I feel that I was in a nation renowned for civilization and silver forks. What was my renewed astonishment at finding at my plate a dirty steel fork! I was almost induced to take out my tablets on the spot, and insert, that in the large hotels in British America silver forks are not used, and direct teachers to draw the shade, meaning uncivilized, over that part of the world on school maps. I afterward discovered that about a third of the plates were provided with discolored washed metal, three-pronged forks; and I minuted them at the first

British hotel I ever visited, a third of the visitors can obtain imitation silver forks if they happen to sit at the right end of the table.

"It will be perceived that in detailing these things, I am departing from my usual habit of seeing the good and agreeable wherever it can be found. I have rather done it as a lesson to myself, to show how easy it is to describe isolated things as general; how easy it is, in travelling, to revel on a few defects, and slight the useful and fair; but I have not quite wasted my time in the paltry cavilling."

An old lady at Watertown, (Mass.,) lamented to our authoress the indifference to church-going that had been growing upon the community, and contrasted it with the spirit of the olden time:

"Her grandmother had told her, that no distance or inclemency of weather had prevented her from going to *meeting* when a girl; that mothers took their infants when but four weeks old, and wrapping them in their arms, travelled through snow and sunshine to the ordinances of religion. There were seats provided in the broad aisle for those who had babies, and they generally brought apparatus for feeding them. My informant was obliged to confess, however, one accident that occurred in this church nursery, which more fastidious modern tastes has avoided. A dog prowling about the porringers of pap and fennel-seed in the broad aisle, came to a pitcher of milk, and thrust his head in. As if to punish this sacrilegious theft his head stuck there, and unable to relieve himself he ran from pew to pew with the pitcher attached to him, drawing away the attention of the congregation from the 7thly and 8thly, with which they ought to have been edified."

At the asylum for the insane, at Worcester, the writer was introduced to several very interesting individuals, one of whom appears to have been the incarnation of David Crockett:

"After a very courteous reception from one, who was told that we came from South Carolina, he said, abruptly, 'Have you felt any of my earthquakes there lately?'"

"On one of the party replying in the negative, he frowned, and said:

"I knew it. I have an enemy. Ice—ice! Why, I ordered one of my best earthquakes for your part of the country! It was to have ripped up the earth, and sent the Mississippi rushing into the Gulf of Mexico. Look here," he continued, pointing to a slight crack in the plastering, his arm stretched out with an air of importance, "that is one of my earthquakes. What do you think of that?"

A deserved reproof is forcibly conveyed, in the reflections upon the ruins of Mount Benedict, the former residence of the Ursuline community, near Boston:

"Physical infirmity produces sadness, but moral obliquity, horror. I have seen instances where the love of the picturesque has induced persons to erect seeming ruins in our young country, but there is no need of this artificial effort here. These blackened walls tell a story of deep and awful pathos. I walked on the broken terrace, where the sisters and their young pupils used to sit of a summer's afternoon, while the traveller on the road below paused a moment at the sight of their graceful forms as their dresses fluttered in the wind; I passed the wall over which the frightened creatures leaped at midnight by the light of their burning home; and I saw the rifled tomb, which the mob left empty, as it is now! On the few walls that are still standing, one may see mottoes and words indicative of the feelings of the portion of the community who destroyed them. It will hardly be believed that a couplet like the following is one of the least vulgar and blasphemous there:

'The priests go to hell,
While the Yankees ring the bell.'

"There are epithets connected with the names of some of the former inmates, whose grossness is enough to madden a sensitive mind. I scarcely know whether to wish the whole ruin levelled and obliterated, to avoid the accusation it seems to speak to the mind of a stranger, or to let it stand as a solemn warning to the descendants of those Pilgrims who sought, on this very soil,

'Freedom to worship God.'

The 'Notes of a Southern Excursion, in Virginia, Georgia, South Carolina, etc.,' are more novel and not less interesting than those of the North; but we have neither

time nor room to notice them in detail. 'Extracts from a Private Journal kept on a Tour from Charleston to New-York, by four Friends,' (not Quakers,) and 'A week among Autographs,' by the Rev. Mr. GILMAN, close a volume which may be especially commended, at this season of travel, as a most take-up-able book in a steam-boat or rail-road car.

MORAL VIEWS OF COMMERCE, SOCIETY, AND POLITICS. In twelve Discourses. By Rev. ORVILLE DEWEY. In one volume. pp. 300. New-York: DAVID FELT AND COMPANY, Stationers' Hall.

If this volume had reached our table at an earlier period of the month, we should have been sorely tempted to transfer at least an entire half of its contents to these pages, that our readers might enjoy with us the excellent moral lessons that are here laid down, and enforced with lucid argument and admirable eloquence. The moral laws of trade and contracts; the uses of labor, and the passion for a fortune; the moral limits of accumulation; the natural and artificial relations of society, and the moral evils to which American society is exposed; associations, social ambition, war, political morality, the blessing of freedom, and the place which education and religion must have in the improvement of society; these themes — unusual, perhaps, but for no good reason, to the pulpit — are the topics treated of, in the discourses before us. Such space as we can, we devote to extracts, in place of any comments of our own. How nobly is the spirit of fashion, of selfish exclusion, rebuked in the annexed passage from our author's remarks upon society:

"There is a certain distinction, then; there is a charmed circle, within which the social exclusionist entrenches himself, and that circle is surrounded as with an electric chain, which sends quick and thrilling sensibility through every part. But touch an individual in that circle — but mention his name, and the man or the woman we are speaking of, feels it instantly; attention is on the alert; the ear is opened to every word; there is the utmost desire to know, or to seem to know, the individual in question; — there is an eagerness to talk about him, a lively interest in all that concerns him. Is he sick, or is he well? — is he in this place, or in that place? — the most ordinary circumstances rise to great importance, the moment they are connected with him. But, now, do you speak of a person *out* of that circle — be it of fashion, or birth, or wealth, or talent, or be it a circle composed of some or all of these; and suddenly the social exclusionist has passed through a total metamorphosis. He *says* not a word, perhaps; he settles the matter more briefly, and at less expense. His manner speaks. There is an absolute, an *unspeakable* indifference. He knows nothing about persons of that class, who, alas! have nothing in this world to make them interesting, but their mind and heart. And if you speak of such one, he opens his eyes upon you, as if he scarcely comprehended what part of the creation you are talking about. And when he is made, at length, to recognise a thing so unimportant, as the concerns of a fellow being, held to be inferior, you find that he is included with a multitude of others, under the summary phrase of 'those people,' or, 'that sort of people;' and with such, you would find that he scarcely more acknowledged the tie of a common nature, than with the actually inferior beings of the animal creation.

"This feeling of selfish and proud exclusion is confined to no one class. I wish we could say, that it is limited to any one grade of character. I wish we could say, that it did not infect the minds of many persons, otherwise, of great merit and worth. I wish we could say, that any one is exempt from it. Living, growing up, as we all have been, in a selfish world, educated, more or less, by worldly maxims, we have none of us, perhaps, felt as we ought, the sacred claim of human nature — felt our minds thrill to its touch, as to an electric chain — felt ourselves bound with the bands of holy human sympathy — felt that all human thought, desire, want, weakness, hope, joy and grief, were our own — ours to commune with and to partake of. Few have felt this; for it is always the attribute of the holiest philanthropy, or of the loftiest genius. Of the loftiest genius, I repeat; for I venture to say, that all such genius has ever been distinguished by its earnest sympathy and sacred interest in all human feeling. And why should we not feel it? The very dog, that goes and lies down and dies upon the grave of his master, will almost draw a tear from us, so near does he approach to human affection. And when the war-horse, that has carried his rider through many battles, bows his neck,

and thrills through his whole frame, at the approach and touch of that master's hand, we feel something more than respect, towards the noble animal. Oh! sacred humanity! how art thou dishonored by thy children, when the merest appendage of thy condition, the mere brute companion of thy fortunes, is more regarded than thou!

"What a picture does human society present to us! If I were to represent the world in vision, I should say that I see it, not as that interchange of hill and dale which now spreads around me, but as one vast mountain; and all the multitudes that cover it, are struggling to rise; and those who, in my vision, seem to be above, instead of holding friendly intercourse with those who are below, are endeavoring, all the while, to look over them, or building barriers and fences to keep them down; and every lower grade is using the same treatment towards those who are beneath *them*, that they bitterly and scornfully complain of, in those who are above; all but the topmost circle, imitators as well as competitors, injuring as well as injured; and the topmost circle—with no more to gain, revelling or sleeping upon its perilous heights, or dizzy with its elevation—soon falls from its pinnacle of pride, giving place to others, who share in constant succession the same fate. Such is the miserable struggle of social ambition all the world over.

Of equal beauty and force, are the concluding paragraphs of the discourse upon social ambition, illustrating the ingratitude and folly of cherishing jealousies and heart-burnings, because of the worldly superiority of those around us:

"Your neighbor is above you in the world's esteem, perhaps—above you, it may be, in fact; but what are *you*? You are a man; you are a rational and religious being; you are an immortal creature. Yes, a glad and glorious existence is yours; your eye is opened to the lovely and majestic vision of nature; the paths of knowledge are around you, and they stretch onward to eternity; and most of all, the glory of the infinite God, the all-perfect, all-wise, and all-beautiful, is unfolded to you. What now, compared with this, is a little worldly éclat? The treasures of infinity and of eternity are heaped upon thy laboring thought; can that thought be deeply occupied with questions of mortal prudence? It is as if a man were enriched by some generous benefactor, almost beyond measure, and should find nothing else to do, but to vex himself and complain, because another man was made a few thousands richer.

"Where, unreasonable complainer! dost thou stand, and what is around thee? The world spreads before thee its sublime mysteries, where the thoughts of sages lose themselves in wonder; the ocean lifts up its eternal anthems to thine ear; the golden sun lights thy path; the wide heavens stretch themselves above thee, and worlds rise upon worlds, and systems beyond systems, to infinity: and dost thou stand in the centre of all this, to complain of thy lot and place? Pupil of that infinite teaching! minister at Nature's great altar! child of heaven's favor! ennobled being! redeemed creature! must thou pine in sullen and envious melancholy, amidst the plenitude of the whole creation?

"But thy neighbor is above thee, thou sayest. What then? What is that to thee? What, though the shout of millions rose around him? What is that, to the million-voiced nature that God has given *thee*? That shout dies away into the vacant air; it is not his: but thy *nature*—thy favored, sacred and glorious nature—is thine. It is the reality—to which praise is but a fleeting breath. Thou canst meditate the things, which applause but celebrates. In that thou art a man, thou art infinitely exalted above what any man can be, in that he is praised. I had rather *be* the humblest man in the world, than *barely be thought* greater than the greatest. The beggar is greater, as a man, than is the man, merely as a king. Not one of the crowds that listened to the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero—not one who has bent with admiration over the pages of Homer or Shakspeare—not one who followed in the train of Cæsar or of Napoleon, would part with the humblest power of thought, for all the fame that is echoing over the world and through the ages."

We cannot close our extracts, without presenting one passage from 'Moral Exposures of American Society,' advocating a manly freedom in the expression of just opinions, howsoever unpopular they may chance to be:

"What barrier is there against the universal despotism of public opinion in this country, but individual freedom? Who is to stand up against it here, but the possessor of that lofty independence? There is no king, no sultan, no noble, no privileged class; nobody else to stand against it. If you yield this point, if you are for ever making compromises, if all men do this, if the entire policy of private life here, is to escape opposition and reproach, every thing will be swept beneath the popular wave. There will be no individuality, no hardihood, no high and stern resolve, no self-subsistence, no fearless dignity, no glorious manhood of mind, left among us. The holy heritage of our fathers' virtues will be trodden under foot, by their unworthy children. They feared not to stand up against kings and nobles, and parliament and people. Better did they account

it, that their lonely bark should sweep the wide sea in freedom — happier were they, when their sail swelled to the storm of winter, than to be slaves in palaces of ease. Sweeter to their ear was the music of the gale, that shrieked in their broken corgage, than the voice at home that said 'submit, and you shall have rest.' And when they reached this wild shore, and built their altar, and knelt upon the frozen snow and the flinty rock to worship, they built that altar to freedom, to individual freedom, to freedom of conscience and opinion; and their noble prayer was, that their children might be thus free. Let their sons remember the prayer of their extremity, and the great bequest which their magnanimity has left us. * * * I know of but one thing safe in the universe, and that is truth. And I know of but one way to truth for an individual mind, and that is, unfettered thought. And I know but one path for the multitude to truth, and that is, thought, freely expressed. Make of truth itself an altar of slavery, and guard it about with a mysterious shrine; bind thought as a victim upon it; and let the passions of the prejudiced multitude minister fuel; and you sacrifice upon that accursed altar, the hopes of the world!

"Why is it, in fact, that the tone of morality in the high places of society, is so lax and complaisant, but for want of the independent and indignant rebuke of society? There is reproach enough poured upon the drunkenness, debauchery and dishonesty of the poor man. The good people who go to him can speak plainly — ay, very plainly, of his evil ways. Why is it, then, that fashionable vice is able to hold up its head, and sometimes to occupy the front ranks of society. It is because respectable persons, of hesitating and compromising virtue, keep it in countenance. It is because timid woman stretches out her hand to the man whom she knows to be the deadliest enemy of morality and of her sex, while she turns a cold eye upon the victims he has ruined. It is because there is nobody to speak plainly in cases like these. And do you think that society is ever to be regenerated or purified under the influence of these unjust and pusillanimous compromises? I tell you never. So long as vice is suffered to be fashionable and respectable — so long as men are bold to condemn it only when it is clothed in rags, there will never be any radical improvement. You may multiply Temperance Societies, and Moral Reform Societies; you may pile up statute books of laws against gambling and dishonesty; but so long as the timid homages of the fair and honored are paid to splendid iniquity, it will be all in vain. So long will it be felt, that the voice of the world is not against the sinner, but against the sinner's garb. And so long, every weapon of association, and every baton of office, will be but a missile feather against the leviathan, that is wallowing in the low marshes and stagnant pools of society."

In the manner of these discourses, there is great literary merit and professional address. There is in all of them a *res lector potenter* — something that attracts, and that takes hold of the feelings. The writer seems to realize, that 'what is best administered is best,' is a maxim as true of religious precept as of government. He is not of the class of holy swaggers, or evangelical bullies, who have done so much harm to the cause of religion and morality, by their attempts to kick and cuff men into being Christians and good citizens; yet does he use 'all plainness of speech,' in denunciation, although it may be tempered with tenderness and pathos in expostulation. We commend the volume to our readers, with but one regret, that humility of matériel in externals should have been coupled with such internal excellence. The book deserved fine white paper and good printing.

NOTES OF THE WESTERN STATES: Containing Descriptive Sketches of their Soil, Climate, Resources, and Scenery. By JAMES HALL, author of 'Border Tales,' etc. In one volume, 12mo. pp. 304. Philadelphia: HARRISON HALL.

BESIDE being a very good poet, Judge HALL is an admirable prose writer. Moreover, he can handle the tomahawk and scalping-knife, like an Indian adept, as is well evinced in the preface to the volume before us, wherein a 'North American' reviewer is disposed of in that summary mode known as the 'used up.' Passing this, however — which is more than the reader of the book will do — we come to the work itself, which the multiplicity of new publications during the month compels us to treat far more summarily than it deserves. Every thing of interest connected with the particular or general character of the western country, is here set down. The great western plain; the rivers Ohio and Mississippi; the prairies, wet and dry, their general appearance, soils,

products, etc., and a theory of their formation; agricultural productions, public domain, western steam-boats, trade, commerce, etc., — these and topics incidental, are elaborately treated of, and in a style so felicitous as at once to command and fix the attention of the reader. A single paragraph, culled with doubt and misgiving from many similar passages, must serve our purpose for the present. It occurs in one of the best and most comprehensive descriptions of the character and general aspect of the great western prairies, that we have ever encountered. It depicts, as by the light of its glorious torch, a prairie on fire :

"The thick sward of the prairie presents a considerable mass of fuel, and offers a barrier to the progress of the flame, not easily surmounted. The fire advances slowly, and with power. The heat is intense. The flames often extend across a wide prairie, and advance in a long line. No sight can be more sublime, than to behold at night, a stream of fire several miles in breadth, advancing across these plains, leaving behind it a black cloud of smoke, and throwing before it a vivid glare which lights up the whole landscape with the brilliancy of noonday. A roaring and cracking sound is heard like the rushing of a hurricane. The flame, which in general rises to the height of about twenty feet, is seen sinking, and darting upward in spires, precisely as the waves dash against each other, and as the spray flies up into the air; and the whole appearance is often that of a boiling and flaming sea, violently agitated. The progress of the fire is so slow, and the heat so great, that every combustible material in its course is consumed. The root of the prairie-grass alone, by some peculiar adaptation of nature, is spared; for of most other vegetables, not only is the stem destroyed, but the vital principle extinguished. Wo to the farmer, whose ripe corn fields extend into the prairie, and who has carelessly suffered the tall grass to grow in contact with his fences! The whole labor of the year is swept away in a few hours. But such accidents are comparatively unfrequent, as the preventive is simple, and easily applied. A narrow strip of bare ground prevents the fire from extending to the space beyond it. A beaten road, of the width of a single wagon track, arrests its progress. The treading of the domestic animals around the inclosures of the farmer affords often a sufficient protection, by destroying the fuel in their vicinity; and in other cases a few furrows are drawn round the field with the plough, or the wild grass is closely mowed down on the outside of the fence."

Let this single passage, from a work full of such, send the reader to the publisher's table.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. NUMBER C. July, 1838. pp. 272. Boston: OTIS, BROADERS, AND COMPANY. NEW-YORK: G. AND C. CARVILL.

A LONG life has already been vouchsafed to the North American Review, and what is more, a praiseworthy and an honorable; and it bids fair to preserve the even tenor of its way through a succession of 'years behind the mountains,' in the onward distance. Such, at any rate, let us hope will be the case; for, notwithstanding the charges which have sometimes been brought against it, of undue sectional feelings and prejudices, operating to bias its literary opinions, and warp its critical judgments, it has been of greatest service to American literature, causing it in its infancy to be known more widely at home, and more diffused and respected abroad.

The present number is a good one — beyond, as it seems to us, from a perusal necessarily cursory, the average issues of the work. 'Fifty Years of Ohio,' the first article, is a review of two works, from which much and important information is gleaned relative to the first settlement, gradual progress, and present condition, of this wonderful state; its territorial and state governments, rail-roads, canals, schools, common and collegiate, statistics, etc. 'The Poetical Works of MILTON' are next considered, by one who, looking back upon the noble poet in due perspective, has made us acquainted with his natural endowments, his education, social position, and the relations which his character bears to his poetry. The notice of CAREY'S 'Political Economy,' (too heavy reading, with our thermometer at ninety and upward,) we have reserved for perusal when we can 'take things coolly.' Considerable space is devoted, and worthily, to an admirable paper upon Anglo-Saxon Literature, embrac-

cing a sketch of the Anglo-Saxon race, and introducing to our notice several of their prominent authors, and their works, as *Beowulf*, *Cædmon*, *Alfred*, etc., together with sundry beautiful and odd poetical fragments, odes, ballads, dialogues, scriptural translations, etc. The following historical synopsis is something of the briefest, but it is clear and all-embracing:

"It is oftentimes curious to consider the far off beginnings of great events, and to study the aspect of the cloud no bigger than one's hand. The British peasant looked seaward from his harvest-field, and saw, with wondering eyes, the piratical schooner of a Saxon Viking, making for the mouth of the Thames. A few years — only a few years — afterward, while the same peasant, driven from his homestead north or west, still lives to tell the story to his grandchildren, another race lords it over the land, speaking a different language and living under different laws. This important event in his history is more important in the world's history. Thus began the reign of the Saxons in England; and the downfall of one nation, and the rise of another, seem to us at this distance only the catastrophe of a stage-play.

"The Saxons came into England about the middle of the fifth century. They were pagans; they were a wild and warlike people; brave, rejoicing in sea-storms, and beautiful in person, with blue eyes and long, flowing hair. Their warriors wore their shields suspended from their necks by chains. Their horsemen were armed with iron sledge-hammers. Their priests rode upon mares, and carried into the battle-field an image of the god Irminsula; in figure like an armed man; his helmet crested with a cock; in his right hand a banner, emblazoned with a red rose; a bear, carved upon his breast; and, hanging from his shoulders, a shield, on which was a lion in a field of flowers. Not two centuries elapsed before this whole people was converted to Christianity."

The reviewer approaches his subject with due reverence. 'It is difficult,' says he, with equal beauty and feeling:

"It is difficult to comprehend fully the mind of a nation; even when that nation still lives, and we can visit it, and its present history, and the lives of men we know, help us to a comment on the written text. But here the dead alone speak. Voices, half understood; fragments of song, ending abruptly, as if the poet had sung no farther, but died with these last words upon his lips; homilies, preached to congregations that have been asleep for many centuries; lives of saints, who went to their reward, long before the world began to scoff at sainthood; and wonderful legends, once believed by men, and now, in this age of wise children, hardly credible enough for a nurse's tale; nothing entire, nothing wholly understood, and no farther comment or illustration, than may be drawn from an isolated fact, found in an old chronicle, or perchance a rude illumination in an old manuscript! Such is the literature we have now to consider. Such fragments, and mutilated remains, has the human mind left of itself, coming down through the times of old, step by step, and every step a century. Old men and venerable accompany us through the Past; and, pausing at the threshold of the Present, they put into our hands, at parting, such written records of themselves, as they have. We should receive these things with reverence. We should respect old age."

'This leaf is it not blown about by the wind?
Woe to it for its fate!
Alas! it is old.'

We are not in error, we think, in tracing the paternity of this article to a pen which has been made familiar to our readers — that of Prof. LONGFELLOW, of Harvard University, a fine poet, 'a scholar ripe and good,' and as a prose writer, second only to WASHINGTON IRVING. 'M'Kenney and Hall's History of the North American Indians' forms the staple of the next article. The praise long since awarded in these pages to the pictorial and literary merits of this excellent work, are more than confirmed by the reviewer. We are glad to learn that it is meeting with signal success in England. 'Fashions in Dress,' the next paper in order, is an entertaining and instructive essay, of which Mr. Brewster's Lecture before the Portsmouth Lyceum, noticed some months since in this Magazine, forms the nucleus. We have next a review of the 'Boylston Prize Addresses,' by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, who, beside being one of our first poets, has been successful in obtaining three of these prizes, in two successive years — in the latter year, both that were offered — for his medical dissertations. A copious article, evincing great research, follows, treating mainly of the early Venetian voyages to, and discoveries in, the new world, in the latter part of the four-

teenth century. 'The Romantic Poetry of Italy' we take, by internal evidence, to be from the pen of our valued correspondent, G. W. GREENE, Esq., American Consul at Rome. It is a sketch of Italian romance, brought down to our own times, and including notices of authors most familiar to English readers. We need not add, that the review is happily executed. Beside the 'articles' proper, to which we have thus briefly alluded, there are some dozen shorter critical notices of minor works, and the usual quarterly list of new publications.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. By JOHN H. HEWITT. In one volume. pp. 235. Baltimore: N. HICKMAN.

A BRIEF and modest preface introduces this pretty volume to the reader; and, as is usually the case, it foretells something worth reading, in the matter which it so unostentatiously heralds. Although the book reaches us at a late hour, we cannot omit to say, that we have derived great pleasure from its perusal, nor refrain from presenting one or two extracts, in justification of our favorable judgment. A large portion of the volume is occupied with anacreontic and sentimental stanzas, which have been set to music; and it is no more than just praise to say, that they are far superior to the great mass of productions, of a kindred stamp, in this country. We were surprised to find among them 'The Minstrel's Return from the War,' a song which has been upon millions of ruby lips in America. Passing these, however, we proceed to select a few passages from poems of a different description. The subjoined lines upon 'Oblivion,' are spirited and felicitous:

I HEARD the rolling muffled drum,
And piercing fife, as lone I stray'd;
'Thus, thus,' thought I, 'within the tomb,
Shall fame's *undying* wreaths be laid!"
Upon a monument I saw
The hero's glorious deeds retraced;
Oblivion came—I read no more;
His name, his deeds, were all effaced.

I saw a monarch on his throne,
A throne of skulls, imbrued in blood;
An awful splendor round him shone,
As high he sat, 'the great, the good.'
I saw the veil of death unfurl'd
Over his stern and stately brow;
Oblivion swept him from the world—
Lo! where 's his name, his greatness now?

I saw a bard, and o'er the lyre,
His fingers swept, in thirst for fame;
His soul was melting on each wire,
His pen sent forth its tides of flame.
I saw him write his epitaph,
'Twas 'dust to dust, and clay to clay';
Oblivion came—he waved his staff,
And e'en that dust was swept away!

I saw the planets, moon and sun,
Array'd in all their glorious light,
Careering smoothly, brightly on,
Pouring out lustre in their flight.
Oblivion came—Creation's groan
Was heard amid the crush of spheres;
Worlds upon worlds were overthrown,
And Time himself summed up his years!

* * * *

The German spirit of the 'Song of the Resurrection Man' is not less remarkable than the vividness of its limning:

We dig and we delve by the quivering light
Of the cold and silent moon,
While no noise disturbs the reign of night
But the clock that tells its noon;
And the mattock's sound
On the frozen ground
Keeps time to our voices' tune.

* * *

The charnel-house opens its heavy doors,
And the bones of dead men shake;
But the clatter of teeth and skeleton jaws,
Can never our labor break.
On the new made bed
Of the silent dead
We will work 'till the morn awake!

We know 't is the tender and comely form
Of a maiden lov'd and young;
And we know that her heart was true and warm,
While spells on her proud lips hung.
But we little mourn,
For those charms were gone,
When the dirge of the maid was sung.

Now up with the beautiful sleeper, my boys!
Lo! she seems to dream of bliss;
And her silent lips still tell the joys
They gave in the living kiss.
But we love her cold,
In the death-shroud's fold,
On a church-yard couch like this!

There are several rhythmical blemishes, and other evidences of carelessness, which ought to be looked to in a second edition. Making two syllables of flower, lyre, and fire, in fireside, and substituting 'will' for shall, occur to us, as worthy of mention.

A POPULAR TREATISE ON MEDICAL PHILOSOPHY; OR AN EXPOSITION OF QUACKERY AND IMPOSTURE IN MEDICINE. By CALER TICKNOR, M. D., Author of 'The Philosophy of Living.' In one volume. pp. 273. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is the production of a man of sense and of feeling, both of which are important qualifications for such a work. The first entitles him to credit as an observer of facts, and the second as a man that sympathizes with the sufferings brought upon the community by the prevalence of medical quackery. We are literally overwhelmed with empiricism, political, religious, medical, etc., and shall be greatly indebted to all those efforts of philosophic minds, that may have in them the effect to bring us back to sound, practical good sense.

Dr. Ticknor presents us with a brief history of the healing art; a general view of the human body and its divisions; the anatomy of the digestive organs, and their diseases; a description of the organs of respiration, of the cutaneous system, of the eye, with separate chapters on female complaints, rheumatism, deafness, cancer, measles, natural bone-setters, comparative powers of vegetable and mineral medicines; on the errors, exclusiveness, and ultraism of medical men; and finally touches up the clergy, for their influence in occasioning the spread of medical quackery. This book is, in the first place, philosophical, in the best sense of the term, and practically so. Next, it can be understood by all—a most commendable attribute. It is descriptive where it needs to be, and comprehensively so. It suggests. We think it will be approved by the faculty, and that it ought to be useful to the public. It is a good family book. If it does not mention and describe all the ailments that flesh is heir to, and appoint a remedy, it at least treats of those most common, and lifts a warning voice against medical humbug, in all its forms. It is a good sequel to the author's 'Philosophy of Living,' and an earnest, as we hope, of the continuance of his labors in this department of human science and art.

SKETCHES OF YOUNG LADIES AND YOUNG GENTLEMEN. By QUIZ. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. The same, with six Illustrations by PHIZ, and Original Sketches, by TIZ, RIZ, and BIZ. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM, AND G. DEARBORN AND COMPANY.

THESE are very clever sketches, and indicate close observation of odd male and female 'humans.' The style of the several 'pictures in little' reminds us continually of 'Boz,' and we are by no means sure that they do not proceed from his prolific pen. Whoso shall scrutinizingly read the 'literary,' the 'interesting,' and the 'petting' young lady, and the 'bashful' and 'political' young gentlemen, will become, we venture to predict, of our opinion in this matter. The New-York edition of the volume, beside containing characteristic engravings of the 'funny,' the 'domestic,' and the 'poetical' young gentleman, with the 'interesting' and 'abstemious' young lady, has a half dozen original sketches, two or three of which beguiled us of several dismal yawns. Their forced attempts at humor, far-fetched and of little worth, are remarkable. A dim conceit of something which the writer considers funny, is foreshadowed, for a half page or more, by a lurking uneasiness in the style, indicating the present foisting in of the labored interpolation, which after all turns out to be unworthy the writer's trouble. The 'buckish young gentleman,' however, as well as the 'mercantile' and the 'ticking,' redeem these original sketches from the class of 'total failures.'

EDITORS' TABLE.

INTERMINGLED LEAVES OF NOTE-BOOK AND TRAVEL. — With considerate regard for the reader, desiring not to 'bestow *all* our tediousness' upon him, in the excerpts of our note-book, we shall here transcribe, and liberally intersperse, from a few blank leaves of that salmagundish receptacle, certain records of travel, hurriedly jotted down in a recent excursion to the Great Cataract, and other noted resorts. Indulgently receive these memoranda. A special request. Reverently respect and obey it.

'HERE,' said we, as with a delightful sense of freedom we took a chair upon the airy promenade-deck of one of our noble Hudson steam-craft,

'Here have we 'scaped the city's stifling heat,
Its horrid sounds, and its polluted air ;'

and, please the Fates, we part company for some score of days, at least ! ' The steam monster, pent in his dungeon, groans and growls, and ' sighs like a furnace,' till,

'Like a pawing horse let go,
He makes a sudden bound,'

and, with rushing waters before and wake-foam behind, we are in mid stream, the cool breeze flapping the awnings, fluttering the green veils, and stirring the hair of sable silver, and lifting the bright locks of childhood. The city fades into dimness ; the Palisades lift their frowning walls, their long shadows sleep on the western shore, and the distant uplands begin to undulate against the horizon beyond. Beautiful scene ! With care banished, a friend at your side whom you have ' buckled to your heart with hooks of steel,' and a glad face, beaming with youth, beauty, innocence, and love of nature, for your perusal — her arm in yours, as you walk the elastic deck, and her voice, soft and low, in your ear — (for thus, reader, by most pleasant accident, it chanced,) — who would not feel the full value of that blessed boon, existence ? There were a few promenaders on that deck, when the crescent moon walked forth into the night. But we 'prattle out of season.'

LIGHTS were twinkling in 'Kosciusko's Garden,' as we rounded West Point. We thought of Col. KNAPP — now alas no more ! — and his interesting volume of stories named of that romantic spot, and there written. And here, in introducing a passage concerning this writer, which we once considered noteworthy, let us pay a passing tribute to his memory. He was distinguished for much research, and as a voluminous and successful author. Of his merits as a miscellaneous prose writer, our readers are not ignorant. Many of his best efforts, in this department of literature, have appeared in this Magazine. As a man, he was kind, ingenuous, and warm-hearted. His mind was full of various knowledge, and his colloquial powers made him the favorite of the social circle ; while as a public speaker, he was remarkable for his extempore efforts, having always at command an abundance of illustrative facts, with apposite anecdotes or allusions. But to our story. Colonel KNAPP had penned an article for the dapper

little proprietor of a monthly magazine, an intellectual pauper, whom we will call Mr. P. B. D. It overran, by a half page or more, a 'form' of eight pages. Unwilling to extend the number of pages, because of the cost, the sapient proprietor changed a comma into a period, at the end of the closing line of the page, leaving the gist of the article, the very dénouement of the story, undeveloped! The author, as may well be supposed, was 'a little riled.' 'Print the article entire, as it was written, Sir,' or leave it out altogether!' 'My dear sir,' responded P. B. D., 'what's the use? It *stops* very handsomely; just let it go in!' Reasonable as the request was considered, the author peremptorily declined. The discomfited proprietor took another tack, interposing what he thought would prove a 'clincher,' and remove all objections: 'Let it stand, Colonel KNAPP, let it stand. It is very good, as it is; and if it is n't, *nobody will ever read it!* — so where's the harm?' The author took the expostulatory compliment home with him, together with the article.

'ANY luggage, Sir?' — 'Take a carriage, Sir?' — 'Eagle, Sir?' — 'American Hotel, Sir?' — 'first-rate house, Sir?' — 'Going west, Sir?' — 'Rail-road, Sir?' Ah! *this* is not agreeable. This is that part of travelling which is 'subject to drawback,' as the commercial gentleman has it. Albany is a pleasant city — steeple-garnished, dome-crowned, and commanding — and the mountains arise gloriously around her, in the distance. We were glad to rest, as the morning dawned, by the 'going forth of her ways.' But these pestilential porters! Six of them have seized a bewildered-looking gentleman's valise, and are bearing it off in triumph to his lodgings. The owner ruminates, and is evidently angry; but what will he say to the 'foreign levy' on his purse, from these emulous operatives? That will 'touch him farther,' when he gets to his hotel. * * As you roll toward Schenectady, in the rail-road cars, the hump-backed Catskills, far to the south, lift their rugged and pale blue outlines to the view. Losing sight of their cloud-capt summits, you come to the fruitless sand-soil — not barren howbeit, for the frequent clumps of wild flowers, of palest pink, have beauty if not utility — and presently thereafter, you find yourself sweeping up the fertile valley of the Mohawk, Schenectady fading behind you, wide fields spread out around, and the fragrant clover blossom perfuming the way for miles, often growing up to the very wheels of the cars. What a noble valley! — what a glorious state! In four years, a continuous rail-road will run side by side with the Erie canal, then widened to a walled river. What monument of enterprise had much-vaunted Rome to compare with this? Talk of her aqueducts! What aqueduct had she, that could vie with the one now constructing, to bring Croton river to New-York, a distance of forty miles? Americans! let us look at home. We have enough to be proud of, young as we are — much to learn, too — and how much to hope!

PLEASANT exceedingly was it, to sit in the swift car, with 'old familiar friends,' and that *one* face, fair as the rose-bud that was clasped by those innocent lips, the faintest smile of which would send the circling dimples to cheeks of softest carnation, possessing one's self in much quietness, and only interrupted by a gentle titillation of curiosity, as some pretty village is entered and left behind. Yet there was more. A strong sense of the sublime was engendered, as the snorting fire-steed galloped off with the long train, at his own free pace, in the face of a dense storm-cloud, that finally burst in full force upon us, as we entered the dépôt at Utica. Utica — charming city! Why is not prose written, and song chanted, of its multiplied attractions? How gradually its wide and handsome streets rise on every side to the summit of the ascending table land on which the town reposes! It is a beautiful *rus in urbe*. To the air of a populous city, it unites the bloom and verdure of the country. Around it, are some of the finest views in the Union. Should you ever journey thitherward, reader, fail not of 'Prospect Hill,' which rises gently some four miles to the south-west. The great basin formed

by the rich valley of the Mohawk, with its cordon of pale blue hills, lies before you, to the north and east; the city, softened by distance, in the foreground; and at your feet, the charming village of Whitesboro'; far to the south-west, gleam the white college-buildings of Clinton University, and, southward and more near, stretches out a vale lovelier than *Tempé's*—the romantic vale of the Sadaquedá; while nestling on its soft and verdant bosom, reposes the pretty village of New-Hartford, and farther north, a clustered, uniform 'factory settlement.' Enchanting scene! The admirable lines of BRYANT came forcibly home to at least one observer of its manifold beauties:

'I stood upon an upland slope, and cast
My eye upon a broad and beauteous scene,
Where the wide plain lay girt by mountains vast,
And hills o'er hills lifted their heads of green,
With pleasant vales scooped out, and villages between.'

AFTER a night's sound repose, during which we had glided sixty miles in the good canal-packet 'Cleaveland,' we awoke 'at the sound of the horn' which called the Syracuse lock-master to his duty, and emerged to the deck, to survey this flourishing but crude-looking town, and to disembark, on a short excursion over the hills that 'looked on our childhood.' And certes, as we wound slowly over them, checking the good Jehu, ever and anon, to gaze upon the magnificent prospect behind, we deemed, with pride that, save the view from Pine Orchard House, we had never seen its fellow. Far-stretching, even to blue Ontario, spread the wide region, populous with villages, the long Oneida and the placid Onondaga lakes 'glinting' in the sunbeams, in the midst. And beyond all —

VEEXATION! We are interrupted. 'There is copy enough; the number is out!' 'Indeed! So the 'note-book' must be nipped!' the bud, eh?—and the travel's history, and the 'good'uns' gleaned on the way, and the *bon mots* of our agreeable travelling companions; also the towns, cities, and their incidents—Geneva, Canandaigua, Rochester, Lockport—the Great Cataract!—eh?' Good reader, it is even so! The July number is 'overflowing full;' but the August, treading fast upon its heels, and even now grown almost as big, shall salute you betimes; and thereafter shall be always promptitude. We will join you at

'Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain!'

THE GIRAFFES.—These rare and beautiful animals, the first ever brought to this country, afford a very interesting exhibition. They seem to be quite vain of their personal appearance—of their leopard skins, dark eyes, pretty eye-lashes, and expressive mouths—and they 'hold their heads pretty high in the world,' in consequence. They are exceedingly difficult of 'captivation,' and even in Europe possess the greatest novelty. The one in the Zoological Gardens at Paris, came to that city like a crowned conqueror. She rode from the frontier to the metropolis, we are informed by Mr. SANDERSON, author of the entertaining 'Sketches of Paris,' in state, in a splendid carriage, attended by grooms, footmen, and 'gentlemen of the bed-chamber,' and followed by an antelope and three goats, in an open barouche! A military escort proceeded from Paris, with members of the Institute, and other learned bodies, which met her at Fontainebleau. Her entry was a triumphal procession. From ten to twenty thousand citizens poured into the garden daily. Fresh portraits of the favorite were taken by eminent artists, and bulletins of every thing she did were published weekly. Bonnets, shoes, gloves, and gowns, were made *à la giraffe*; quadrilles, too, were danced, and *café-au-lait* made *à la giraffe*. Excitable Parisians! Yet the object certainly justified *some* enthusiasm.

'DENTAL HYGEIA.' — Such is the title of a poem by Mr. SOLYMAN BROWN, Dentist, and author of 'Dentologia.' It contains sundry useful hints in relation to health in general, and the preservation of the teeth in particular, which, our author observes, with truth as well as great poetic fervor,

— 'require
Much more attention than mankind suppose!'

The verse is flowing enough, and mechanically correct, but not otherwise remarkable; unless it be, in portions, for certain transparent qualities, regarded in the light of confined prose. Take the following lines, for example, which set forth the advantages of 'cool ablution,' and a proper sufficiency of clothing. 'Colds,' says our bard,

'And raging fevers, and acute disease,
In various forms, spring from the long neglect
Of cool ablution. *Let it then be done
Daily, and semi-daily, if required.*
The infant first, and then the child, becomes
Fond of the habit, which, if firmly fixed,
Contributes greatly to longevity.
Of clothing, 't is sufficient to advise
Never to dress too much — that is, too warmly.
A cumbrous load of garments but impedes
The quick and graceful action of the limbs,
And renders awkward what were else genteel!'

The 'poetry' in these and many kindred lines which might be cited, consists, as will be seen, entirely in the short lines, and in the capital letters which commence them. They will remind the reader of similar measured lines in the 'Warreniana' imitation of Wordsworth, descriptive of the external aspect of 'Peter Bell':

— 'He was clad
In thick buff waistcoat, cotton pantaloons
P' th' autumn of their life, and wore beside
A drab great coat, on whose pearl buttons beamed
The beauty of the morning. *As we strolled,
I could not choose but ask his age, assured
That he was seventy-five, at least; and though
He did not own it, I'm convinced he was!'*

But there are many redeeming passages in this little volume, especially in the descriptions of bounteous nature; and the beauty of utility which pervades the poem, should serve to redeem, in some measure, its poetical deficiencies.

THE EXPLORING EXPEDITION. — This national enterprise, in which there has been so much vexatious delay, will soon, it is believed, be in effective operation. We refer to it for the purpose of awarding a brief tribute to the exertions of J. N. REYNOLDS, Esq., who is the author, the projector, and the untiring, uncompromising advocate of the expedition, against every obstacle, and all open as well as secret opposition. Whether this gentleman shall accompany the expedition or not, he will have the consolation of knowing, what his countrymen know and feel, that to him, more than to any and all others, shall we be indebted for any honor which may accrue to the nation from the successful result of the enterprise.

CATHERWOOD'S PANORAMAS. — The panoramas of Jerusalem and Niagara Falls, now exhibiting at the spacious circular edifice, recently erected on the corner of Prince and Mercer streets, deserve the extensive encouragement they have received. The first, especially, is the largest and most perfect painting of the kind ever exhibited in this country. The drawings were taken on the spot by Mr. Catherwood, and the painting

is of the first order of excellence. The whole covers an area of ten thousand square feet, and represents the city of Jerusalem, with its thousand objects of sacred interest, and the adjoining country on every hand, all round to the horizon. The coloring is rich but natural. The panorama of Niagara is perhaps as good a representation of the mighty cataract as a painting can convey. But the sound, the motion, the awful volume of water — these, of necessity, are wanting.

WEINEDEL'S GALLERY. — Many of the pictures in the gallery of this gentleman, at No. 200 Broadway, are of very superior merit. The head of CHRIST, in the 'Tribute Money,' after Titian, satisfies the imagination of the personal presence of our SAVIOUR. How calm, spiritual, and God-like! 'The Daughter of Herodias,' after Carlo Dolci, is a gem of art. Although bold, the coloring has all the softness and delicacy of the finest miniature. The face is of perfect beauty. 'Potiphar's Wife,' after Cignani, a celebrated painter of the Lombardic school, is a rich, voluptuous effort, and belongs, like 'Adam and Eve,' to the class of 'great moral pictures!' There are some thirty other paintings, of various merit, which we lack space to particularize.

LITERARY RECORD.

NEW-YORK REVIEW. — Judging from such articles as we have found leisure to peruse, the number of the 'New-York Review' for the July quarter is even an improvement upon its predecessors, spirited as they have been. The review of Gardiner's 'Music of Nature,' and the article on Steam Navigation, are replete with various interesting matters, connected with their general themes, and the notice taken of Miss MARTINEAU is capital. Some of the opinions of the reviewer are identical with those expressed in these pages, in a review of her 'Retrospect of Western Travel.' The system of reputation-making, by small literary *cliques*, is well and fearlessly exposed; although some American writers are mentioned, who would scorn, as we think, to acquire fame, or confer it, by any other than the legitimate means. High praise is awarded to the 'Life of Brant,' in an able and elaborate review of that excellent work, and some one who loves learning for learning's sake, and the good it achieves, has furnished an admirable paper upon education, embracing, collaterally, a spirited defence — unhappily needed in this *cui bono* age — of the study of the ancient languages. Several other reviews, with numerous briefer but well-digested literary notices, make up the number, which we have rather mentioned than 'noticed.' But time and space are imperative.

NEW BOOKS, ETC. — We notice the publication, and acknowledge the receipt, of the following works. A hasty and inadequate perusal, at a late period, entitles us only to this brief record of their names and character: 'Memoirs of Sir William Knighton, Bart., keeper of the privy purse, during the reign of His Majesty, George the Fourth, including his correspondence with many distinguished personages. By Lady Knighton.' Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD; 'The Athenian Captive, a Tragedy, in five Acts. By Talfourd, author of 'Ion.' New-York: J. AND H. G. LANGLEY; 'The Squire, a Novel, by the author of 'The Heiress,' 'Agnes Searle,' etc. Philadelphia: E. L. CAREY AND A. HART; 'The credit system in France, Great Britain, and the United States. By H. C. CAREY, author of 'Principles of Political Economy,' etc. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD; 'Turner's Sacred History of the World, third volume, and eighty-fourth of HARPER'S Family Library. A notice of an Address delivered before the 'St. Patrick's Benevolent Society' of South Carolina, by B. R. CARROLL, Esq., prepared for the present number, will appear in our next.

'ST. JONATHAN, THE LAY OF A SCALD.' — Canto II. of this poem has appeared. It exhibits the same fluency of versification, the same bizarre conceits of rhythm, the same forcing of words and names into most grotesque positions, which were remarkable in the first canto. Yet is there decided talent in the poem, and great cleverness in the general management of so great a variety of interpolated themes, in the way of interlude or episode. Let our young author persevere. The true *spirit* is in him; and he needs but time, to make him all he may desire for himself, or his friends expect of him. Let him emulate, to some extent, the Italian poet, who had a desk with forty divisions, through which his verses were made to pass in succession, before they were given to the world. If he would wake the strings of his lyre to higher utterance, let him avoid hasty publication. It may be irksome to hammer, and file, and polish, but inasmuch as ripe fruit is better than green, he will find abundant reward in the final result of his labors.

COL. STONE'S LIFE OF BRANT. — We were prepared to expect an elaborate and excellent work in the life of BRANT, by Col. STONE; but in truth, the two superb volumes before us have altogether exceeded our anticipations, not only in their copiousness and general literary execution, but in their numerous elegant embellishments, and the unusual beauty of their typography. We shall take an early occasion to present such a review of this work as its many merits demand. It is the fruit of great labor and untiring research, and beside the varied life of its subject proper, embodies a greater number of interesting facts in the history of the war of the revolution, than any half dozen similar works extant. We unhesitatingly commend it to our readers, as replete with rare information, entertaining narrative, and romantic incidents. Mr. GEORGE DEARBORN, Gold-street, is the publisher, and he deserves high praise for the manner in which the volumes are given to the public.

'BURTON, OR THE SIEGES.' — This is an American romance, in two volumes, by the author of 'Lafitte,' and that very entertaining and popular work, 'The South-West, by a Yankee.' Doubtless it would have received adequate notice at our hands, had it been a more indifferent production, for then it had not been purloined from our table by some tasteful novel-reading friend, who has robbed us of its perusal. There is a goodly number, however, who are more fortunate; for the first edition was gone, as we learn, in a week, and a second large one hurried to press, before the author had an opportunity to correct a few errors. In discussing the merits of the work, whatever they may be, the public seem to be employing the *argumentum ad crumenam*, a species of reasoning so gratifying to publishers in general, and authors in particular.

CONSTANCE LATIMER. — A very beautiful and affecting story is 'Constance Latimer, or the Blind Girl,' from the pen of a valued correspondent, Mrs. EMMA C. EMBURY, recently published by the HARPERS. We have but space to say thus much, at the late hour of the receipt of the volume, and to add, that it is published for the benefit of the 'New-York Institution for the Blind,' and that there are beside, in the little book, two other tales, seasoned, like the first, with kindly mixtures of matter calculated to feed and fertilize the mind. The cause of a noble charity, and purposes of private intellectual gratification, will be equally served, in the purchase of 'Constance Latimer, and other Tales.' It is proper to add, that this brief notice was in type for our last number.

'LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF IRISH LIFE,' is the title of two thin volumes, from the press of Messrs. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. They contain sixteen tales of the poor, warm-hearted, blundering peasantry of Ireland, which are remarkable for their natural and graphic pictures. They proceed from the well known pen of Mrs. S. C. HALL, and several of them have already appeared in an English periodical, conducted by the writer's husband.

'ATHENIA OF DAMASCUS' is the title of a new tragedy, in five acts, from the pen of RUFUS DAWES, Esq., a gentleman whose repute as a scholar, poet, and felicitous prose writer, is richly deserved. The tragedy is pronounced, on good literary authority, to be constructed after the most rigid rules of the drama, without losing sight of due stage effect. 'The play is one of thrilling interest, the situations striking and dramatic, the characters well marked and contrasted, and the language condensed and beautiful.' We may here, for good reasons, express the hope, that Mr. DAWES will forbid all inflated theatrical humbug, in the production of his tragedy upon the stage. It will require, we are confident, no such charlatanry as is sometimes employed to foist indifferent literary efforts and small actors into spurious and temporary notoriety.

'DOCTRINE OF ENDLESS PUNISHMENT.' — Mr. P. PRICE, Fulton-street, has published a second edition of 'A Discussion on the conjoint questions, Is the doctrine of Endless Punishment taught in the Bible? — or does the Bible teach the doctrine of the final holiness and happiness of all mankind?' — in a series of Letters between EZRA STYLES ELY, D. D., and ABEL C. THOMAS, Pastor of the first Universalist Church, Philadelphia.' We have before referred to this volume, and to the gentlemanly and Christian spirit in which the controversy was begun and continued, by the opposing advocates of their religious creeds. It should be added, that there are seven concluding epistles in the present edition, which have never before appeared in print.

LUXURY IN STORE. — The Brothers HARPER have in press two volumes, by the author of 'Incidents of Travel in Arabia Petræa and the Holy Land,' entitled 'Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia, and Poland.' We have been kindly permitted to examine a portion of the sheets, as they are passing through the press; and have little hesitation in predicting, that the work will be found fully equal to the one which has made the author so widely and favorably known, both in Europe and America, and which, in the short space of one year, has reached six large editions! This is strong 'circumstantial evidence' of our author's popularity.

'PROBUS: OR ROME IN THE THIRD CENTURY.' — A work thus entitled, by the author of the 'Letters from Palmyra,' and from Rome, so favorably known to the reading public on both sides of the Atlantic, and especially to the readers of this Magazine, has just been published by Mr. C. S. FRANCIS, Broadway. Absence from the city must constitute our apology for postponing an adequate review of this admirable production, until our next number. The same publisher has issued a new and beautiful edition of the Palmyra Letters, under the title of 'Zenobia, or the Fall of Palmyra.'

SKETCHES OF PARIS. — We have omitted to mention, until it is doubtless something too late to do so for any good purpose, a work of some three hundred pages, from the press of Messrs. CAREY AND HART, entitled 'Sketches of Paris, in Familiar Letters to his Friend, by an American Gentleman.' These sketches are comprehensive, sometimes philosophical, and always exceedingly graphic; and a vein of sly humor, that is quite irresistible, runs through the volume. 'We regret to add,' as the journalists have it, that it is sometimes tinged with grossness.

'DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA.' — Mr. GEORGE DEARBORN has issued DE TOCQUEVILLE'S 'Democracy in America,' in a large and handsome volume, of nearly five hundred pages. This work is one of the most complete and philosophical which has ever been written in relation to this country; and we propose, at some future and not distant day, to lay its merits and claims more largely before our readers. In the mean time, we commend the volume earnestly to the public, as every way worthy of extension and perusal. A few such books, well pondered abroad, should cause certain traducers of this country to go into a state of literary 'retiracy,' to blush out the remainder of their days.

WRITINGS OF 'BOZ.'—MESSRS. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD are publishing, in monthly numbers, with two plates in each, 'Nicholas Nickleby,' by the celebrated 'Pickwick' biographer, the inimitable DICKENS. The whole will be completed in twenty numbers. The same publishers are issuing, also with plates, and in ten monthly numbers, 'Sketches,' by Boz, together with 'Oliver Twist.' All these works are well printed, upon good paper, and the plates are excellent.

'RELIGION AT HOME.'—This 'story, founded on facts,' and written by Mrs. WILLIAMS, of Rhode-Island, has reached a third edition, which has been carefully revised. The work has acquired much repute for the excellence of its lessons, not less than the felicitous manner in which they are made to reach the heart of the reader. We commend the volume, with all cheerfulness, to the public acceptance, as one capable of being made eminently fruitful of good.

MRS. SHERWOOD'S WORKS.—The volume before us contains Henry Milner, Part IV., and is the fifteenth and last of the first and only uniform edition of Mrs. SHERWOOD'S works ever published in the United States. Those readers who may desire to possess themselves of one or more volumes, containing some favorite story or stories, may obtain them separately, as well as in complete sets, of the booksellers generally. Each volume is embellished with handsome plates:

'THE GOLDEN HORSE SHOE.'—A friend (and we should add disinterested) who has been permitted to peruse the MSS. of a novel thus entitled, by the author of 'The Cavaliers of Virginia,' speaks to us in warm terms of its great interest, and superior literary merit. As trade has revived, we may soon expect to hear that it has been given to the public.

TO OUR READERS.—In the outset of a new volume, it may not be amiss to refer to a few of the literary attractions which may be expected in our coming half-yearly budget. Of the promise afforded by the articles commenced or continued in the present number, the reader can form his own judgment. In addition to these, and others of scarcely less merit, which we lack space to specify, may be mentioned, '*Brandrethiana*,' after the manner of '*Warreniana*' and the '*Rejected Addresses*,' giving imitations, in prose and verse, of many prominent American writers, by the author of '*Ollapodiana*,' which series will also be regularly continued; articles from the pen of the Rev. Mr. BASCOM, of Kentucky, including a description of Niagara Falls, written in pencil on Table-Rock; from Hon. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, J. FENIMORE COOPER, Esq., and from the author of '*Outer Mer*;' unpublished poems and passages from the correspondence and private journal of the late young and gifted Mrs. SOPHIA M. PHILLIPS, of Rhode-Island, and later of West Point; poems by WORDSWORTH; sea sketches from our well known and popular correspondent, 'JACK GARNET,' author of '*The Mutiny*,' and '*The Cruise of a Guineaman*;' with sketches from the pen of the author of '*Incidents of Travel in Arabia Petrea and the Holy Land*,' as well as from Mr. CATHERWOOD, the eminent oriental traveller and lecturer, JAMES N. BARKER, Esq., Philadelphia, etc. In short, we believe we have the disposition and the means amply to repay the partiality of the public, which has given to this Magazine a circulation altogether unequalled, and which has been increased, moreover, beyond all former precedent, during the last three months. We need not add, that we are grateful, and shall labor unremittingly to evince it.

☞ DELINQUENT 'PATRONS' (save the mark!) are desired to peruse the third page of the cover of this Magazine.